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Jan. '77  
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NUMBER 188

JANUARY 1977

# MAD

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush—but it can also make for a pretty messy hand!"—Alfred E. Neuman

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JACK ALBERT lawsuits

GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, JANET SERPICO,  
DAVID FRAZIER subscriptions

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS  
*the usual gang of idiots*

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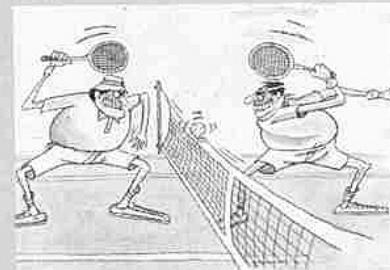
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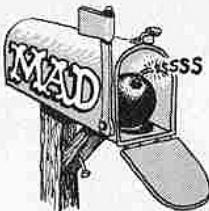
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## LETTERS DEPT.



### KEEP ON TREKIN'

"Keep On Trekin'" is the funniest thing since "Space: 1999"!

Scott Vance  
Pepperell, Ma.

Jacobs and Drucker really showed the "other side" of the Enterprise crew. It also establishes the space musical as the remotest frontier of "off-Broadway"!

Michael Schoenwald  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Frank Jacobs and Mort Drucker "Boldly go where no man has gone before!"

David Brunetti  
Glen Burnie, Md.

Judging from Frank Jacobs's comprehension of "Star Trek," I'd say he was "Lost In Space"!

Mathew Brueler  
Freeport, Ill.

You maniacs have cooked up an issue that would make Mr. Spock laugh!

Stephanie Portalski  
Phoenix, Ariz.

It's about time somebody shot a laser right down the middle of those insane people who call themselves "Trekkies." Bless their bubble-gum brains! Do you think it was the fault of their parents?

Steve Gilbert  
Hobbs, New Mexico

You clowns are really crazy to do a take off on "Star Trek" with all the dedicated Trekkies walking around. Some Spock nut may give you the "grip" one day.

Doug Patterson  
Snellville, Ga.

I think Drucker and Jacobs really goofed this time. "Star Trek" has become a phenomenon because of its basic appeal to people's hopes and aspirations for a better world. Paramount owns the whole show, incidentally, including the reruns and the characters. The only money the actors get is from lectures, books and stationery that are indirectly related to the series.

Sara Shleien  
Trekkie  
Silver Spring,  
Md.

Recalling "A MAD Look At The Diseases Of Our Sick Society," MAD #126 (April '69), you can now add the infection spread by Jacobs and Drucker . . . "Trekinesis"!

Teddy Khoury  
Brigantine, N.J.

## MAD STAR TREK MUSICAL COVER

Jack Rickard's dance trio looks very Enterprising. I never knew Alfred E. Neuman had ears for music.

Bruce Waldmer  
Olathe, Kan.

MAD has earned a lasting place in Trekdom with the introduction of "Alfred E. Vulcan," MAD's "What, me logical?" kid.

Andrew Bartmess  
Cincinnati, Ohio



### "Alfred E. Vulcan" enshrined in Trekdom!

Rickard's illustration of "Alfie The Vulcan" is far out! Let's see Jack do some more front covers.

Bruce Hay  
Oak Park, Ill.

### MAD'S PACKAGER OF THE YEAR

I'm a Senior Packager in Art & Design High School. Your "MAD's Packager Of The Year" is a prize package.

Joe Preston  
New York, N.Y.

I don't know the "big nothing" Hart and Rickard are packaging for the public in November because they only show his lower jaw. Still, his chin looks stronger than any of the chins that are in the running.

George Dumas  
Washington, D.C.

Stan Hart and Jack Rickard took the wraps off a very sneaky industry.

Rob Pattison  
Toronto, Ont.  
Canada

"Packager . . ." was so good, I stopped reading it in the store and bought it!

Robert Harowitz  
Cherry Hill, N.J.

## FAMILY READING BOOM

Just a note to tell you it's so good to hear the kids laugh as soon as your MAD arrives. We laugh at them laughing.

Mrs. George Landis  
Clearlake Highlands,  
Calif.

### HAS ANY BODY EVER REALLY HEARD . . .

"Has Anybody Ever Really Heard . . ."

—a Japanese person say, "Ah, so!"

—a streetwalker call, "Hey sailor, over here!"

—a cook summon people to dinner with "Soup's on!"

—a landlady admonish, "I run a respectable house here!"

—a trouble-maker declare, "This town ain't big enough for both of us!"

Rise Hatten  
Olney, Ill.

### MARTIN'S "THE STORY OF MOSES"

Martin's "Moses" is certainly a divisive force!

Eldon Potter  
Kansas City, Kan.

"The Story Of Moses" was all wet!

Greg Wayman  
San Jose, Calif.

I laughed so hard at Don Martin's "Moses," my sides parted!

Todd Huff  
Bellevue, Ky.

Don Martin's "The Story Of Moses" is enough to supersede the Charlton Heston portrayal of same!

Thomas Atkins  
The Film Journal  
Hollins, Va.

### PHOOLOSH

"Phoolish" would have been even MAD-der with Mother Dexter, or Mother Drecker, in it.

Kristi Niles  
Bangor, Mich.

### LET US XPRAY

Your "Let Us Xpray" was a real gas!

Don Adams  
Creston, Iowa

The idiot using the aerosol can in "Let Us Xpray" is out of his skull!

Gregg Millheiser  
New City, N.Y.

"Last Gasp Aerosol" was really breathtaking!

Bryan Briscoe  
Medina, Wash.

### PROMISSORY NOTE

I will try to write every issue.

David Lynn  
Toronto, Ont., Canada

Don't inconvenience yourself. It's hard for us to write every issue!—Ed.

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WITH  
MAD'S  
VERSION  
OF THE  
POPULAR  
TV  
SHOW  
THAT  
OPENS  
EACH  
WEEK  
LIKE  
THIS:

I must get rid of this terrible habit of saving money by buying "Seconds" . . . especially when it comes to something important . . . like a PARACHUTE! H-E-L-L-P!!

We built a "Moronic Man"! It's the very same technology to build a "Moronic WOMAN" . . . !!

Er . . . well . . . it's ALMOST the same technology to build a "Moronic Woman"!!

# the MORON

Jammy, you're free to do whatever you want! Just remember, you cost the Government six million dollars to build, and you owe it nothing in return! So be VERY CAREFUL!

Of foreign SPIES!

No . . . of U.S. TAXPAYERS!!

That woman is extremely interesting! I would like very much to make LOVE to a woman like that!

Then why not bring her some flowers, and take her out to dinner?

Because she is ELECTRONIC!!

Then why not bring her some transistors, and take her to a power plant!

That's why I'm here, General! I can offer you the plans for The Moronic Woman! When it comes to stealing plans, you'll never meet anyone better!

I certainly HOPE SO, Stranger . . . because when it comes to DISGUISES, I've never met anyone WORSE!



Well, Jammy, it's 400 operations and 2 Band-Aids later! How do you feel? Jammy? Are you alright? Jammy, say something!! Doctor! What's wrong?? We spent six million dollars on her ... and she can't even talk!!!

Batteries are extra! Don't you read the fine print?! Batteries are always extra!

You've been re-built with an enormous amount of electronic machinery, Jammy! Tell me ... do you feel normal INSIDE?

Yes, and I think I'd like to do some teaching again soon!

You SOUND normal!

On the other hand, I wouldn't mind settling down with a nice, successful master TV antenna!

Hmmm! Maybe we put a little TOO MUCH machinery in her!



TRAN-SISTER DEPT.

# NIC WOMAN

I will offer you FIVE MILLION Kubookies for the plans!

In my country, General, we never accept the first offer! Now, we must bargain!

**SOLD!!**

Okay, then ... THREE million Kubookies ... and not ONE Kubookie less!

You drive a hard bargain, Stranger! You just saved me two million Kubookies!

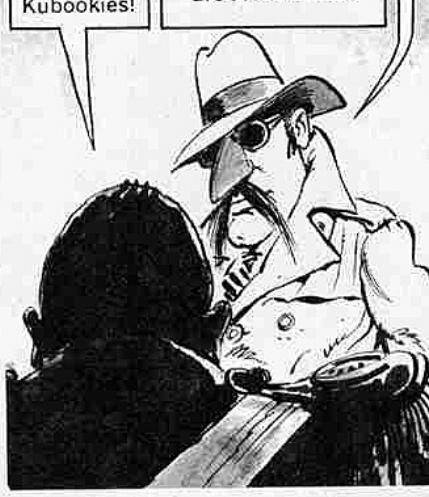
By the way, General! How much in American money is one of your Kubookies worth ... ?

Nothing! Kubookies are PANCAKES!!

Just one more thing, Stranger! The Moronic Woman must be brought to me HERE ... in my country, dead or alive! I'd prefer ALIVE because I don't have a date Saturday night! But mainly, if I have both the plans AND the Moronic Woman, I'll control the world!

Then it's a deal! Shall we shake hands on it ... ?

Nah... that's okay! You have an honest disguise!



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

I'm so glad you returned to teaching here at the Air Force Base School, Jammy . . . !

Well, this way, I'm close by to give you a hand in case you also need me to type a letter, or run an errand, or pull an enemy bomber out of the sky!

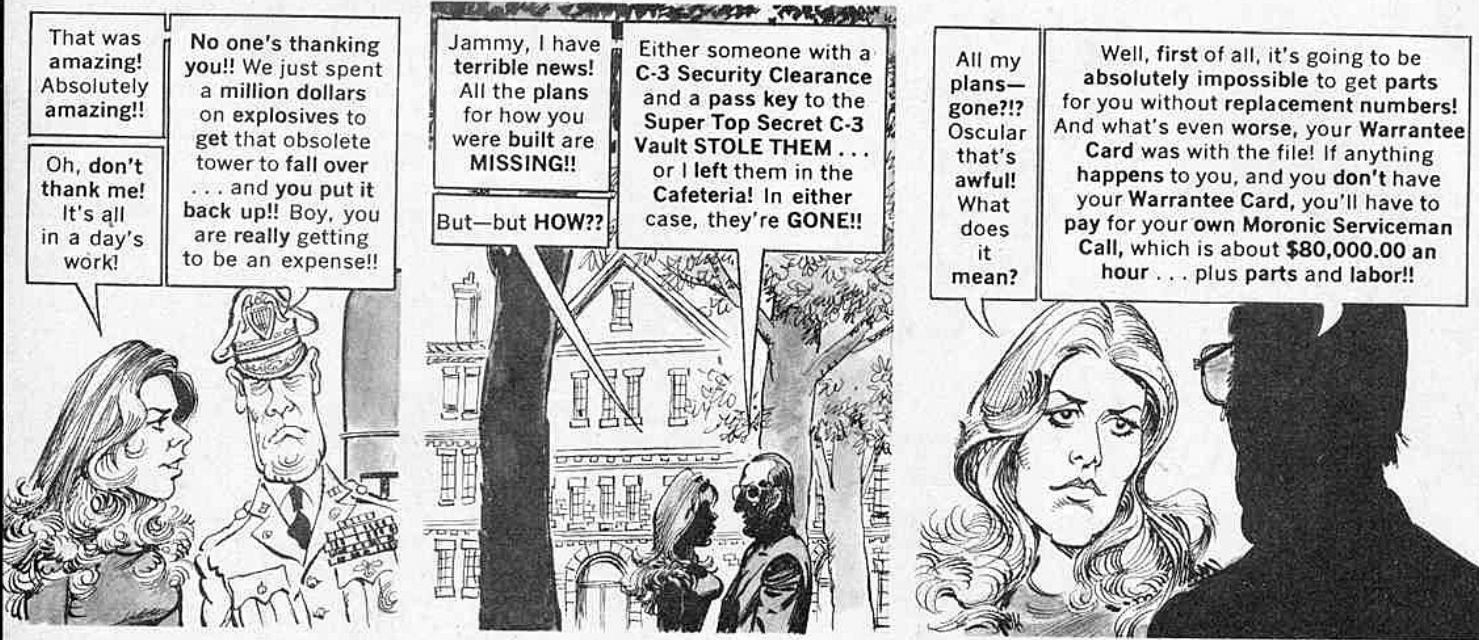
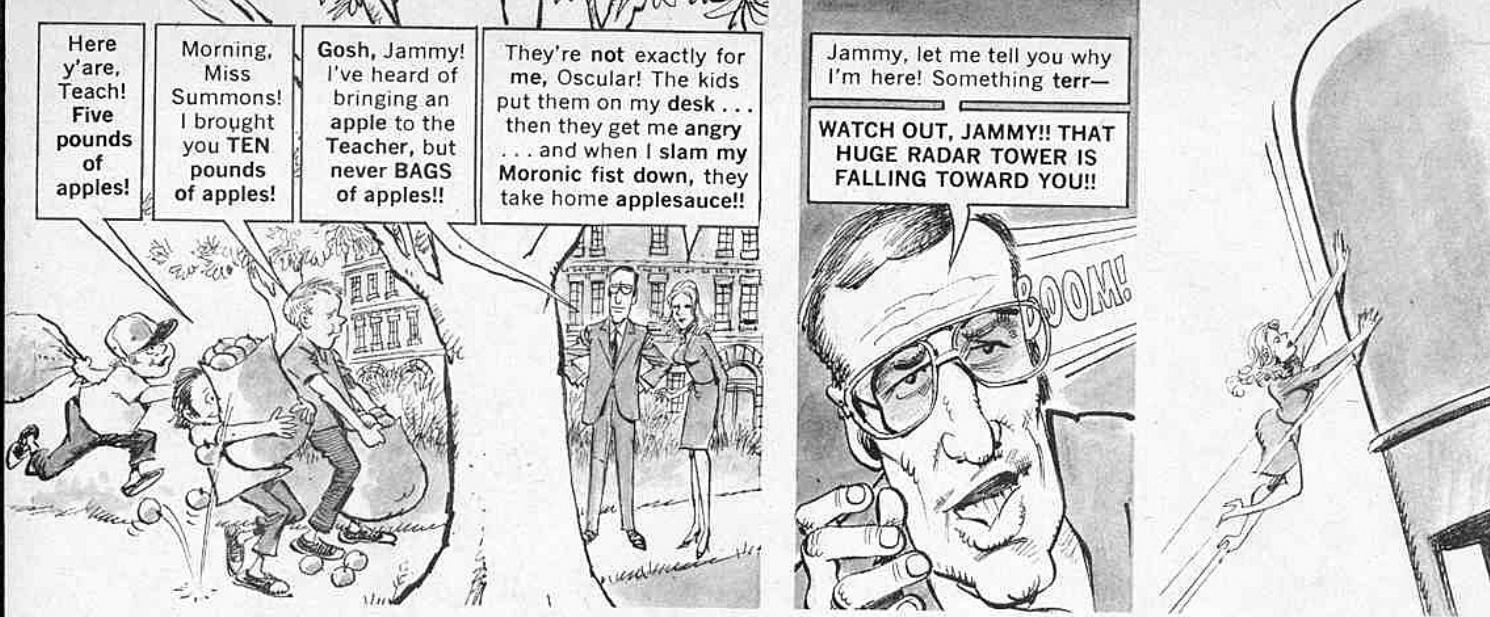
I understand that you were given the worst class in the school . . . but now the kids are all well-behaved!

Yes! If anyone misbehaves, I play handball with them!

Playing handball is PUNISHMENT?

With ME it is! There's the last kid I played handball with!!





I don't think it's safe for you to return to your own apartment until we find out who's behind this, Jammy! I managed to find you another place to live, but I'm afraid it's in a shambles!

That's okay, Oscular! I can do something to make it just fine!



That was incredible, Jammy! How did you do that?!!

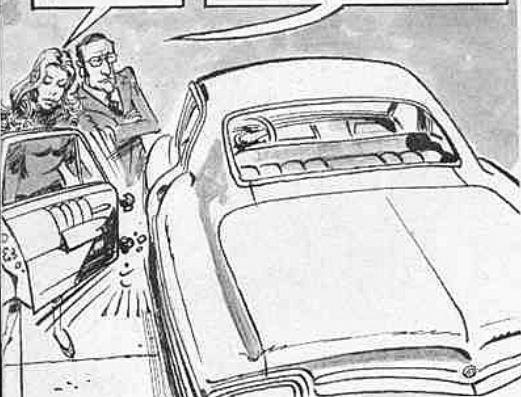
I merely switched the numbers on the front door from that ugly old dump to this beautiful new house!



I must get back to OSI, Jammy!

Here; let me open the door for you—OOPS!

Jammy, you're going to have to learn to control your Moronic strength! You've only been helping us out for a month, and **ALREADY** the Government Motor Pool has seventeen **THREE-DOOR SEDANS!!**



I have C-3 Security Clearance, and you can trust me, right?

Yes . . . !!

Then—will you please tell me what OSI stands for . . . ?!

Okay! It stands for "Moronic Development and Research Center"!!

OSI stands for "Moronic Development and Research Center"?!? But, Oscular! Not one initial matches! It's ridiculous!!

We know! But this **WHOLE PROJECT** is ridiculous! So calling it OSI is **PERFECT!!**

And you're telling ME to watch out for U.S. Taxpayers?!!



That Oscular is such an old worrier! Imagine . . . thinking that someone wants to kill me?!

Good Lord, lady! Didn't you see that runaway truck headed right toward you? It almost ran you down!!

Oh, well! There are lots of careless truck drivers around!

Yeah?!! In LAUNDROMATS?!

DO NOT OVERLOAD

**SOAP  
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11511  
Wow! Did you see how she stopped that runaway truck?!!

She's not wearing one of those flimsy new bras, I can tell you THAT much!!



I think I'd better visit Oscular and put his mind to rest about the state of my health! I can't take my CAR because it won't start! It just blows up when I turn the key! That's why I'm taking this bus ...

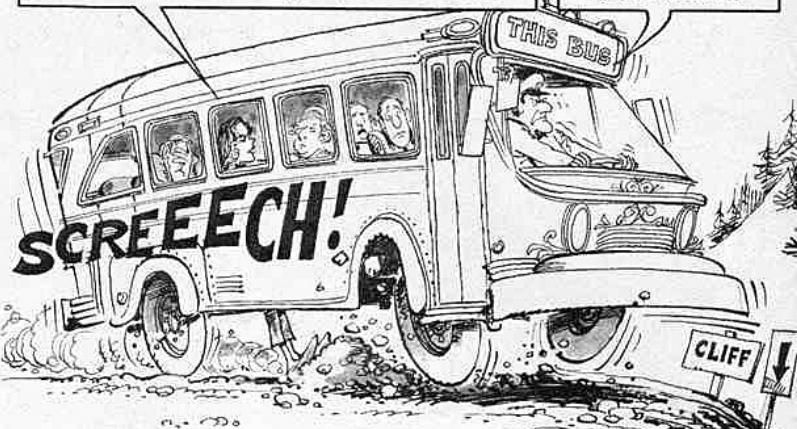
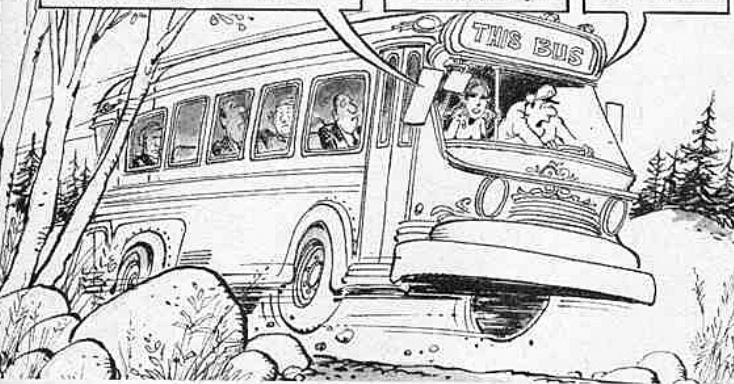
Do you stop at the OSI?

Sure, I stop at the Moronic Development and Research Center, lady!

MY GOD!! THE BRAKES JUST FAILED!! THE BUS IS OUT OF CONTROL!!

Ladies and Gentlemen! The feat I am about to perform is so great, so superhuman, so incredible . . . that you will know at once who I am! So I must ask you all to swear never to reveal the true identity of the "Moronic Woman" to anyone, no matter who—

Lady, could you cut it a little short . . . and do SOMETHING?!? We're about to go over a CLIFF!!



I guess none of the passengers could resist telling you that I'm the Moronic Woman and that I stopped the bus with my feet!?!?

Nobody said anything!

Why . . . those ungrateful &@%\$#! !

It don't matter, lady! Even if they HAD told me. I wouldn't believe that you stopped ANY bus with your FEET!

I would

Okay, your legs are repaired! Now . . . go back to your house! If anyone is out to get you, they will look for you here!

But what about all the tight security??!

Jammy, if someone wants to kill you bad enough, they can penetrate any kind of security by using the most ingenious disguises imaginable!

Put up your hands! You're both coming with me!!



See? What did I tell you?! We were all fooled by this excellent TV Repairman's disguise!

WHAT TV Repairman! I'm supposed to be a CLEANING LADY!!

CLEANING LADY?!? That is a TERRIBLE "Cleaning Lady" disguise!!

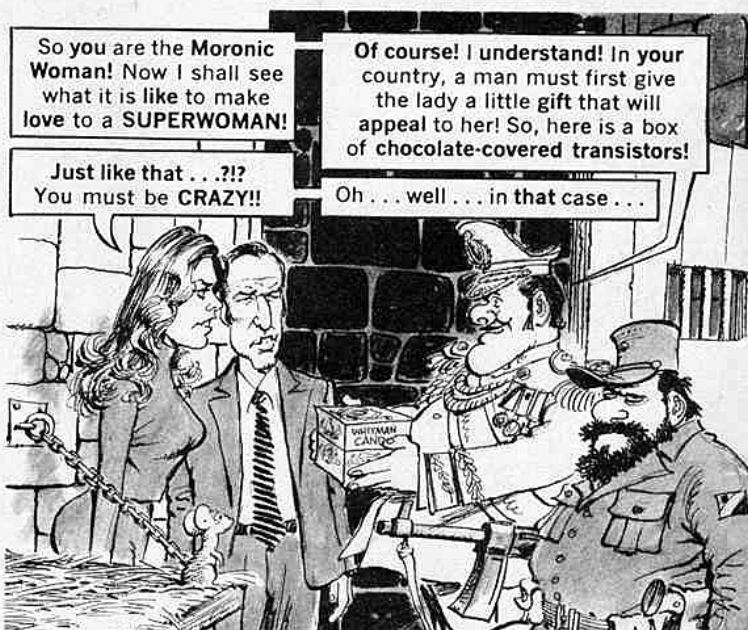
If this idiotic dialogue keeps up, folks, you are about to see the first ELECTRONIC THROW-UP in history!!

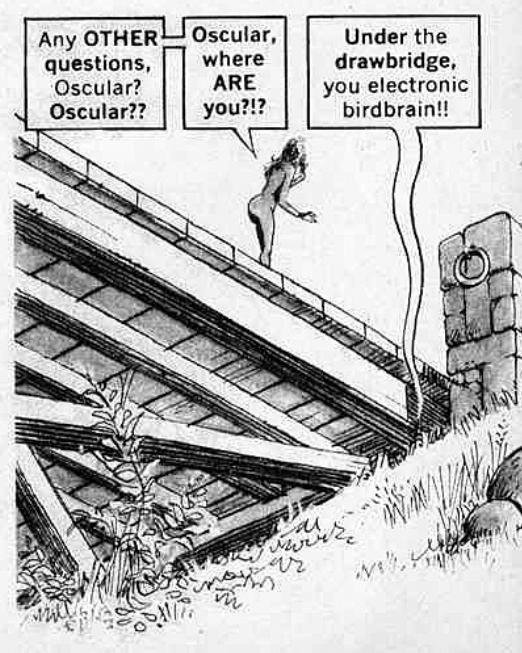
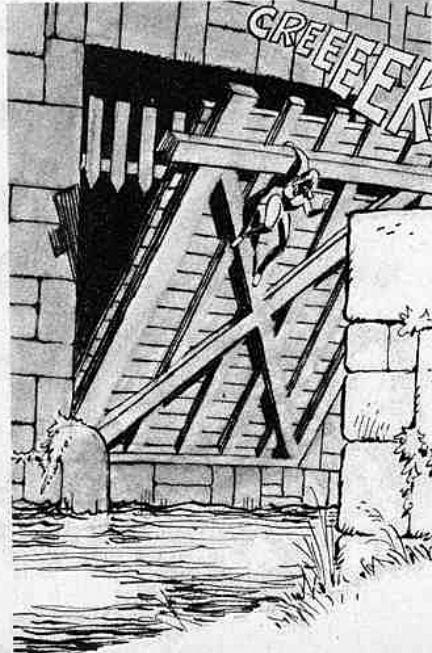
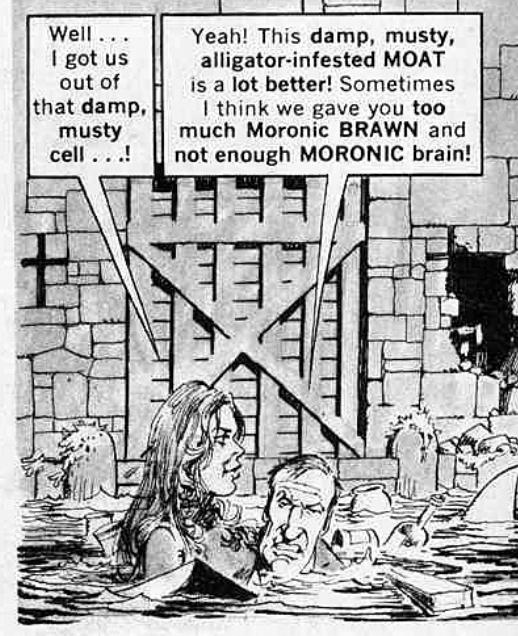
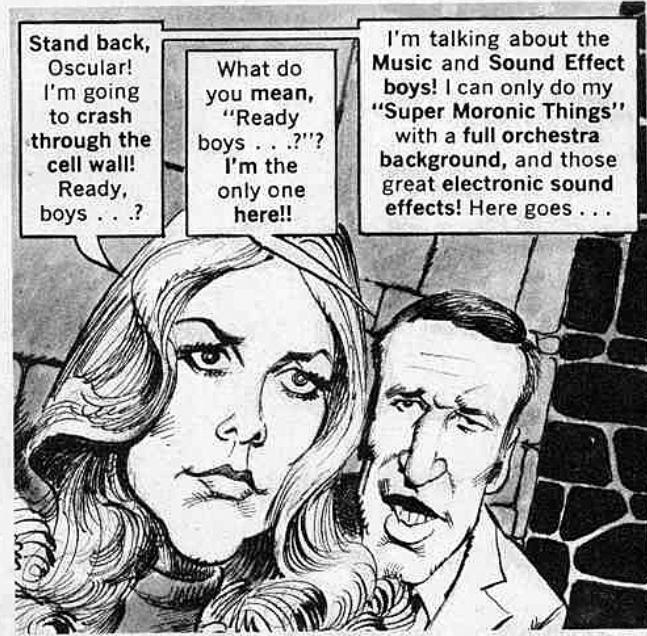
So you are the Moronic Woman! Now I shall see what it is like to make love to a SUPERWOMAN!

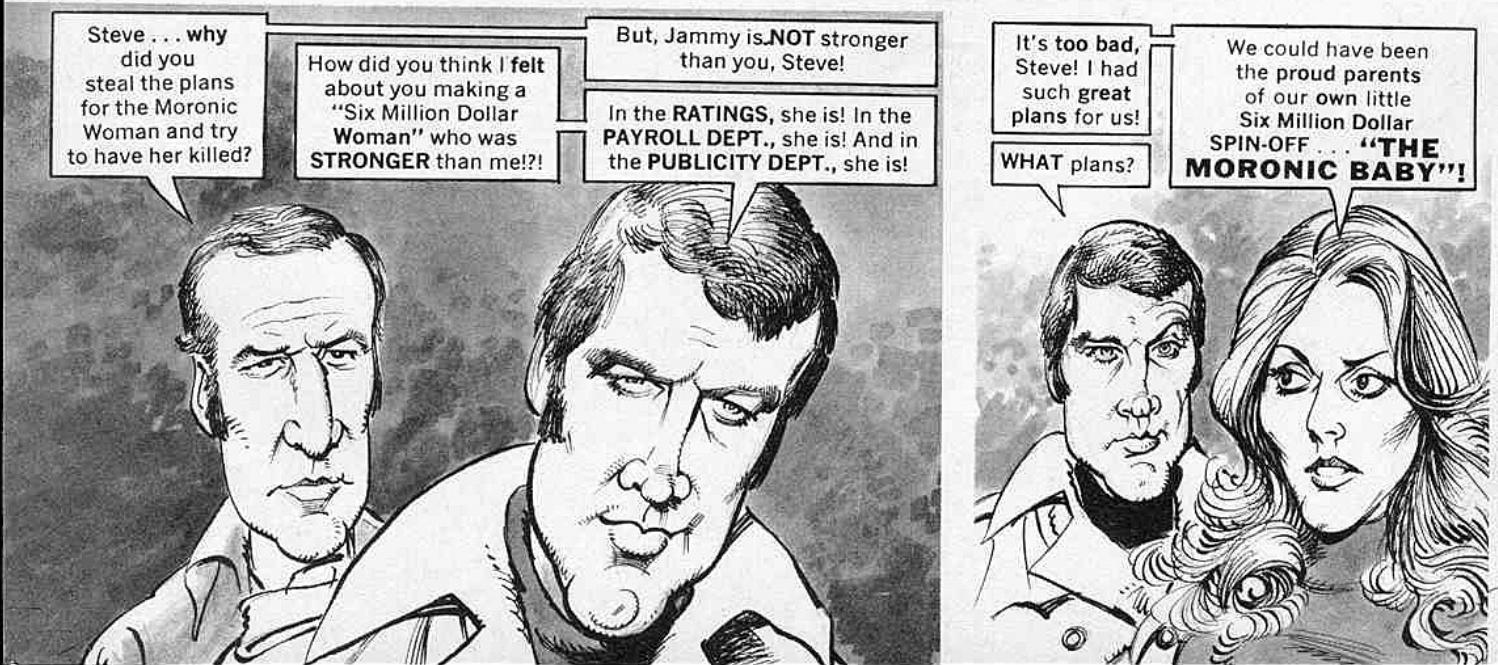
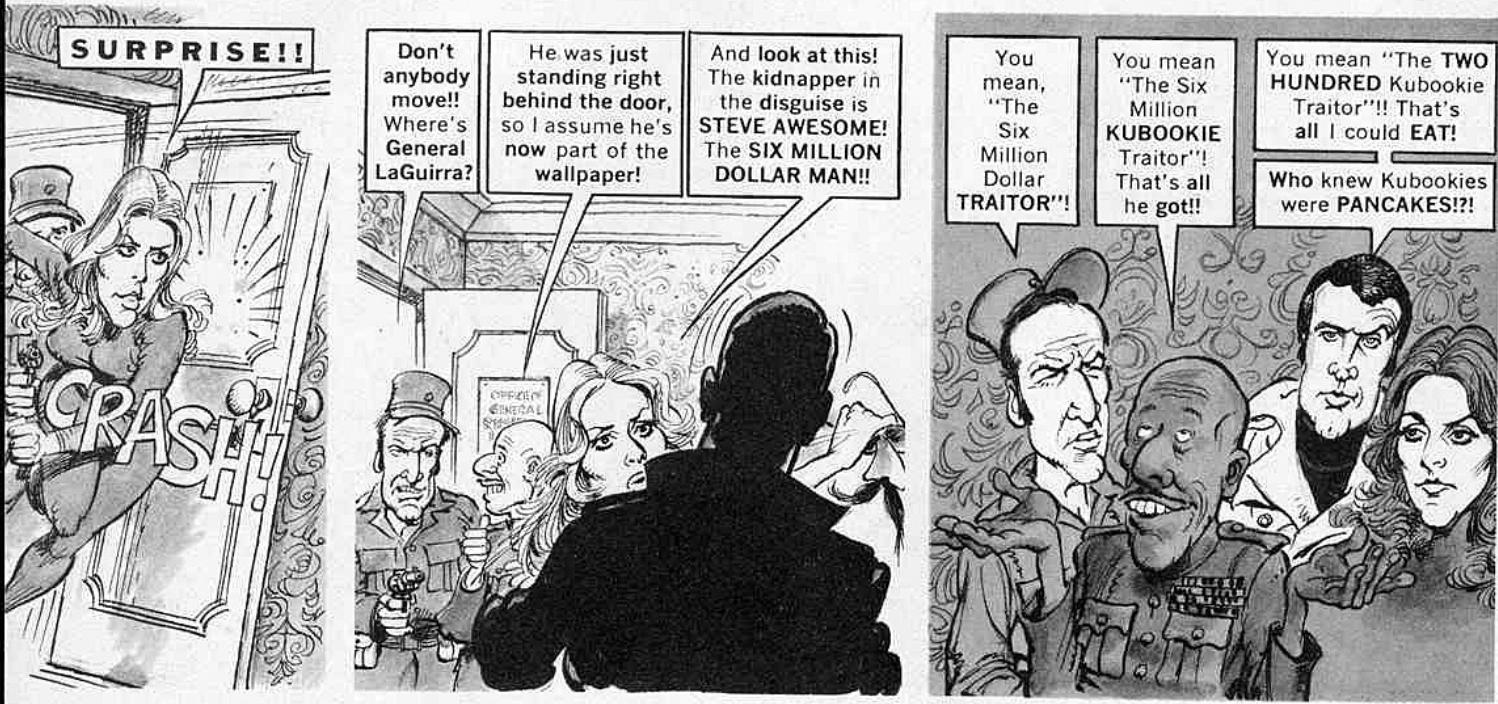
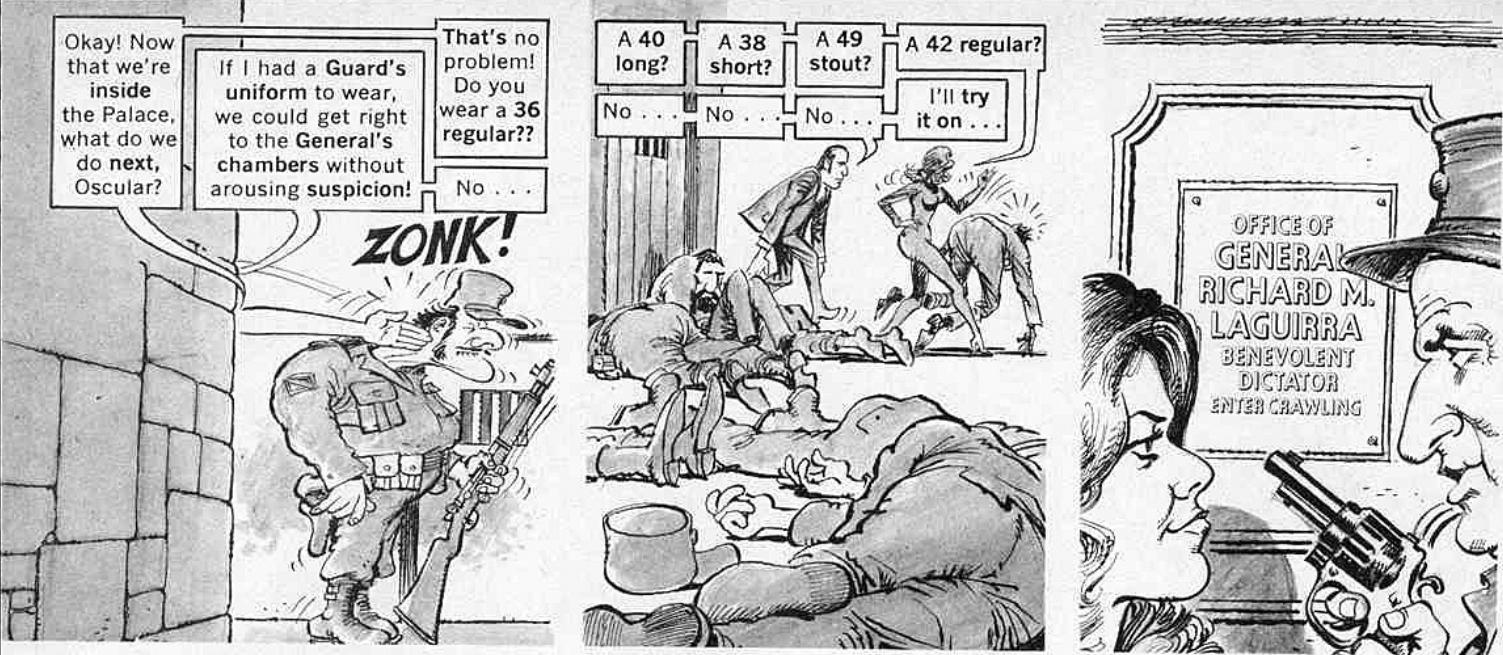
Just like that . . . ?!! You must be CRAZY!!

Of course! I understand! In your country, a man must first give the lady a little gift that will appeal to her! So, here is a box of chocolate-covered transistors!

Oh . . . well . . . in that case . . .

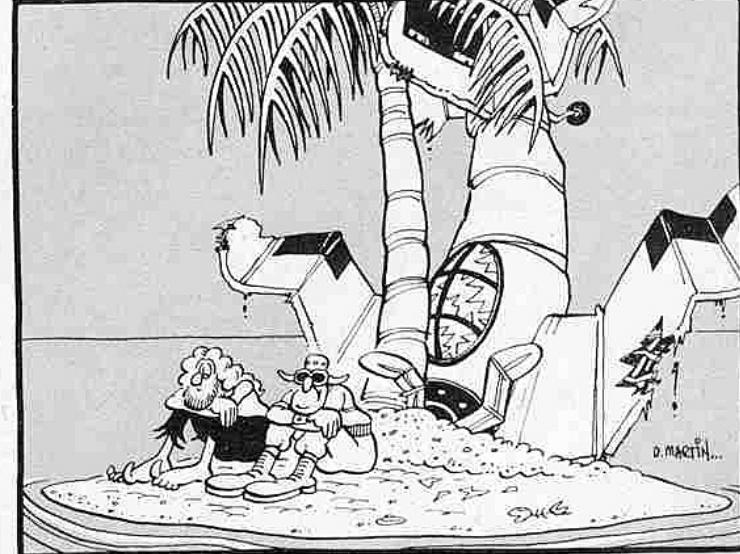
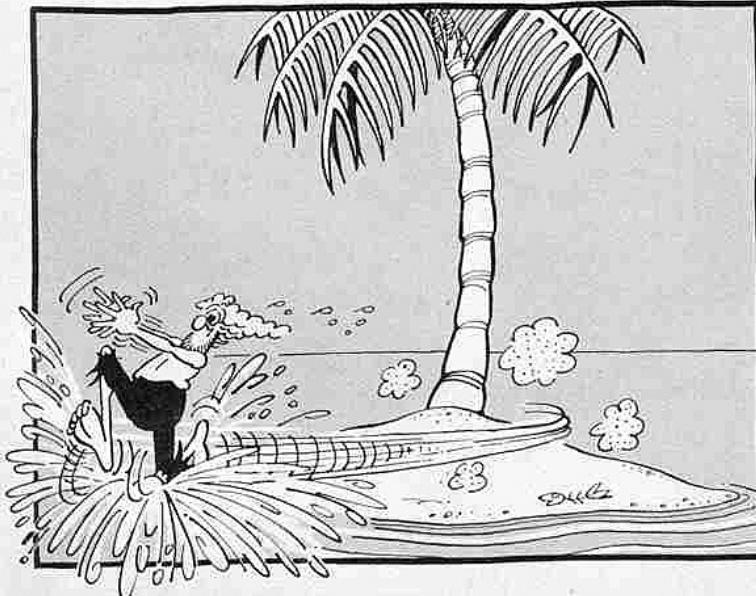
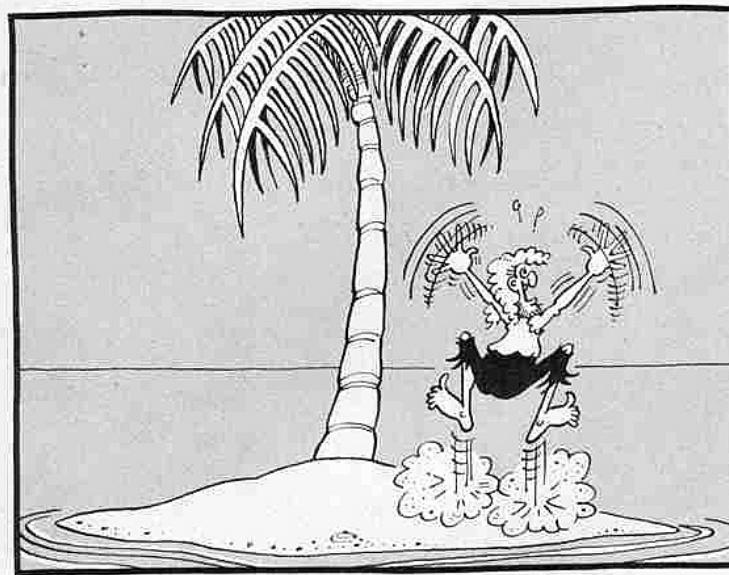
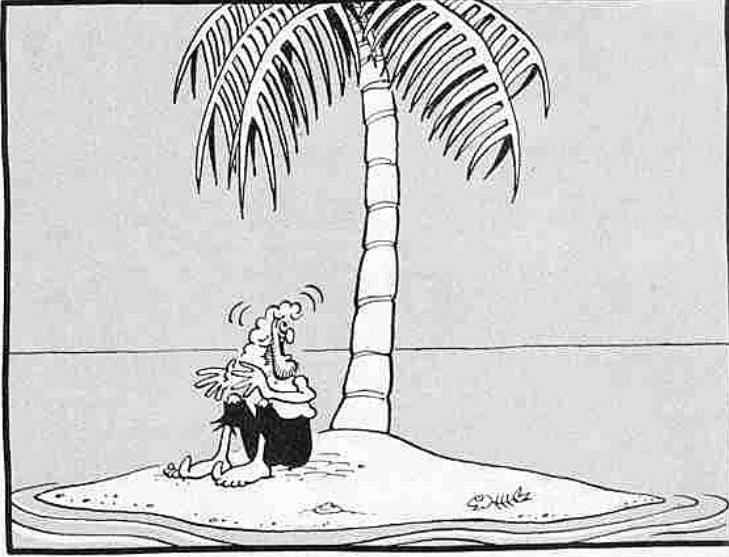
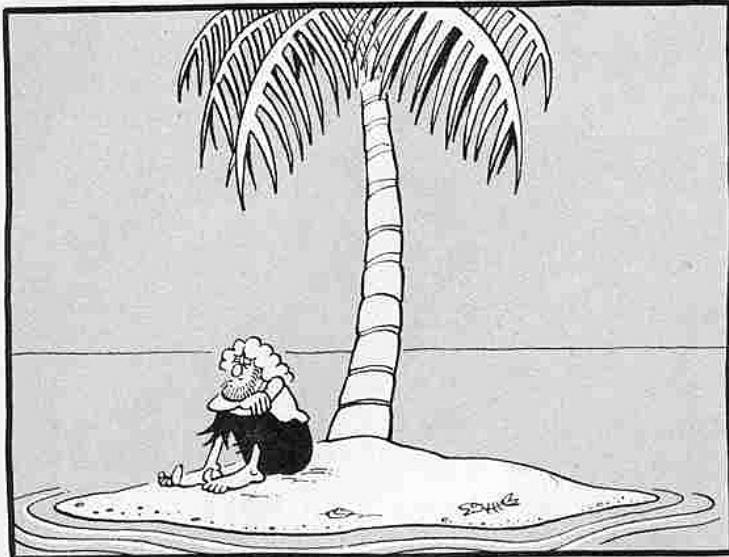






DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

# EARLY ONE MORNING ON A DESERT ISLAND



MUSEUM  
DOUBLE-STANDARD BARBERS DEPT.

WE'RE SURE OUR PARENTS AND TEACHERS MEAN WELL WHEN THEY LECTURE US, BUT AFTER LISTENING

# NO WONDER WE'RE

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

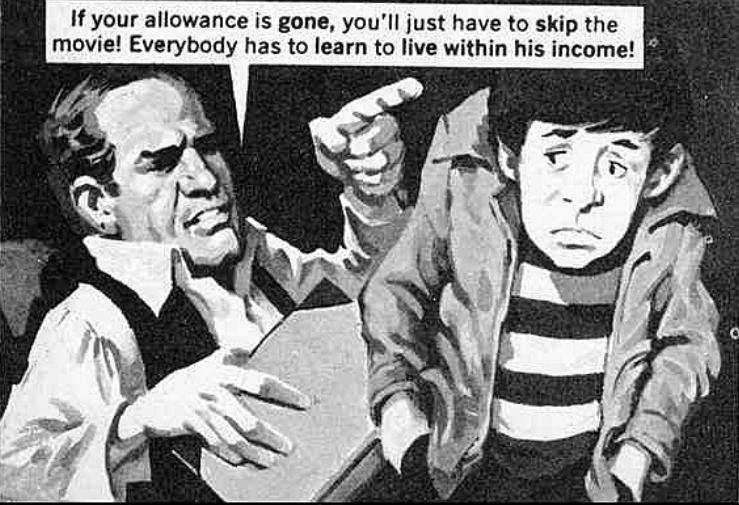
I know you broke that window, so don't lie about it! Take your punishment like a man! It may sound corny . . . but honesty is STILL the best policy!



What are you two kids fighting about? Don't you know that fighting never settles anything?



If your allowance is gone, you'll just have to skip the movie! Everybody has to learn to live within his income!



SYRIA THREATENS WAR

The New York Times

CUBA SENDS TROOPS TO ANGOLA

Omaha World-Herald

SLAUGHTER IN BEIRUT CONTINUES

MINNEAPOLIS TRIBUNE  
MOROCCO AND ALGERIA  
Clash In Spanish Sahara

NEWARK STAR-LEDGER  
New Border Skirmishes  
Flare Up In Israel



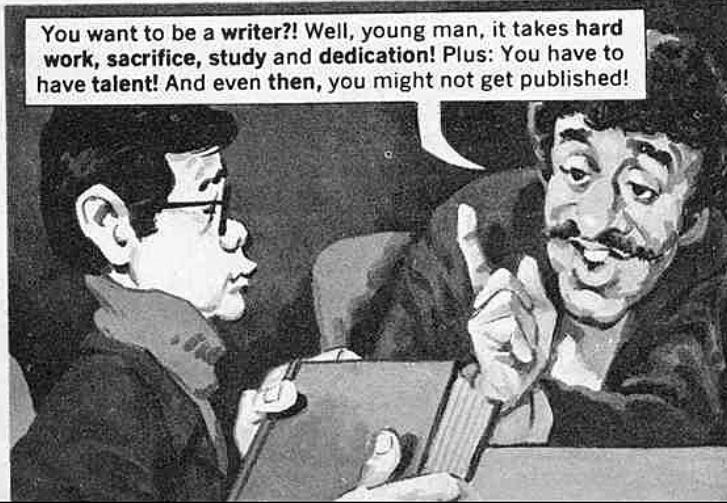
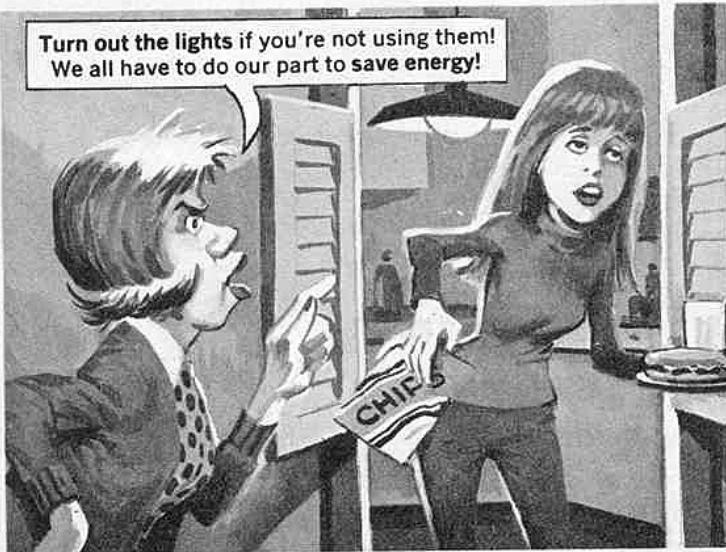


TO THEM AND THEN READING THE WAY IT REALLY IS IN THE NEWSPAPER, ALL WE CAN SAY IS . . .

# ALL SCREWED UP!

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

IDEA BY: ALIS ELLIS





**DOC-WALLOPER DEPT.**

As we all know, it's only a matter of time before Hollywood comes up with "The Godfather—Part III". But before they do, we thought we'd beat them to the punch with our own story of a vicious group of men who have been bleeding mankind dry, slaughtering innocent people by the thousands, and ripping off millions and millions of dollars. It's all there—and more—in

# A MAD HISTORY OF MEDICINE

By LARRY SIEGEL

Illustrated By GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

## CHAPTER 1—How Medicine Began

In prehistoric times, medicine was almost unnecessary. First of all, very few people had childhood diseases. There was a reason for this: very few people had childhoods. The average life expectancy of a caveman was 4½. Still, when you stop to consider what they did all day was grunt, live in dirt, and be chased by saber-toothed tigers, things could have been worse. Their average life expectancy could have been 5.

On the following day the still unhappy Xlbts went to see the wisest caveman in the village, the ancient and venerable Ooock (who was almost 14), and said to him, "Oh wise and ancient one, I have an upset stomach, bronchitis, and psoriasis, and I am not happy with them! What shall I do?" The venerable sage pontificated for a while, rubbing his ancient acned chin and stroking the aging baby fat around his neck. Then he finally spoke his now immortal words, "Take two lizards and call me in the morning!" And so on that historic day the medical profession was born. And on the following day its first patient died. A combination, as we are about to see, which will go hand in hand through the centuries that follow.



For another thing, life was so rotten and miserable for those cavemen who lived longer than 4½ years that they welcomed things like illness because it made them feel better. Among the preoccupations they eagerly looked forward to, to take their minds off their problems, were the thrill of an upset stomach, the excitement of bronchitis, and the joy of psoriasis.

One night, at a wild party in a neighborhood cave, as everybody was vomiting and coughing and scratching and having a whale of a time, a caveman named Xlbts suddenly stood up and shocked everyone by saying, "Hey gang, you know something? This is no fun!" For a moment there was stunned silence. Then the cave leader, Shmertz, said, "There's gotta be a dry blanket in every crowd!" And he proceeded to punch Xlbts in the mouth for six hours, which almost made him miss vomiting and coughing and scratching for a while.



A typical courtship scene in prehistoric times. This practice led to two common medical problems of cave people: sprained wrists and premature baldness (among women).

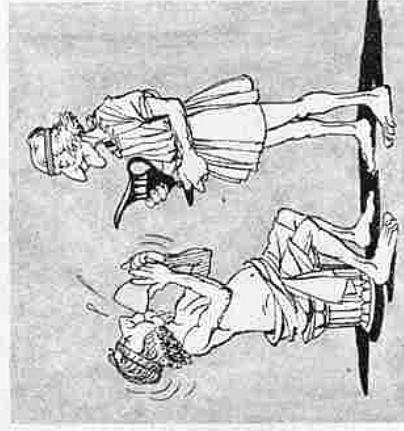
## CHAPTER 2—Early Advances of Medicine

After the caveman days, medical science progressed slowly through the centuries until three dramatic discoveries took place in ancient Macedonia, which were to change the face of mankind.



In 341 B.C. a physician named Schnorr was experimenting with revolutionary new ingredients, and while massaging one of his patients, came up with an important discovery: the healing potentialities of herbs and plants. A short while later, his patient came up with another important discovery: neck-to-crotch poison ivy.

In 180 B.C. a doctor named Glockk, deeply moved by the heart-breaking cries of his mortally ill patient, made a desperate decision to save his life, and gave the patient a potent concoction of bitters to drink. And dramatically, in one fell swoop, Glockk created the world's first medicine... and also the world's first drunk. Unfortunately the patient died a few hours later. But now he couldn't care less.



## CHAPTER 3—The Medicine Man

Not too many years later in early Africa, a new kind of physician came into his own. He was called a Medicine Man. The Medicine Man was a dedicated surgeon, a great healer, and a dancing fool.

We will now study some of the fascinating surgical techniques of the early Medicine Man:

### THE BRAIN TUMOR SHUFFLE



Patient was placed in a supine position on the operating grass. The surgeon made four deft incisions in the grass with his toes, and then danced around the patient's head.

### THE HEMORRHOID HUSTLE



Again, patient was placed on his back, and this time the surgeon danced around on his right side. In the event of sudden complications like a ruptured appendix, surgeon would usually call in three extra dancers.

### THE APPENDICITIS SHIMMY



### THE MAKE-OUT MAMBO

The patient was placed in a prostrate position on the operating grass, and the surgeon performed a complicated dance on the afflicted area. While this was often a very painful operation, it could be worse. (See "The Emergency Double-Hernia Stomp".)



Note: This is not an operation. Dammit, even doctors have to have fun some time!

## CHAPTER 4—Medicine In The Middle Ages

By the time the Middle Ages had arrived, medicine and particularly surgery—had made enormous strides. While the Medicine Man still practiced his art, more sophisticated and effective methods of surgery were developed. Namely, surgical instruments. Oddly enough, however, in the 15th and 16th centuries, surgery was usually performed by Barbers.



Having Barbers perform surgery led to some confusing results at times. For example, in this instance, it was hard to tell whether the Barber was performing the world's first successful head transplant . . . or had just given the world's shortest haircut.

In 1540 King Henry VIII of Great Britain indirectly became the Father of Modern Surgery when he issued a decree that henceforth all Barbers would stick exclusively to cutting hair. And so surgery was taken out of the hands of the Barber and given to the man who still performs it to this very day—the Butcher.

## CHAPTER 5—Medicine In The 19th Century

Medicine continued to progress through the years. But in many cases, doctors were scarce and hard to reach, particularly among 19th century American pioneers. They were often forced to treat their own illnesses. This gave rise to some ingenious home remedies.

For example, to cure earaches among children, the pioneers would squeeze out the juice of tobacco leaves and pour it into the affected areas. This usually cleared up the ailment, but unfortunately a side effect often developed—namely, early nicotine addiction. And it wasn't unusual for pioneer parents to catch six-year-old children behind the woodsheds with cigarettes in their ears.

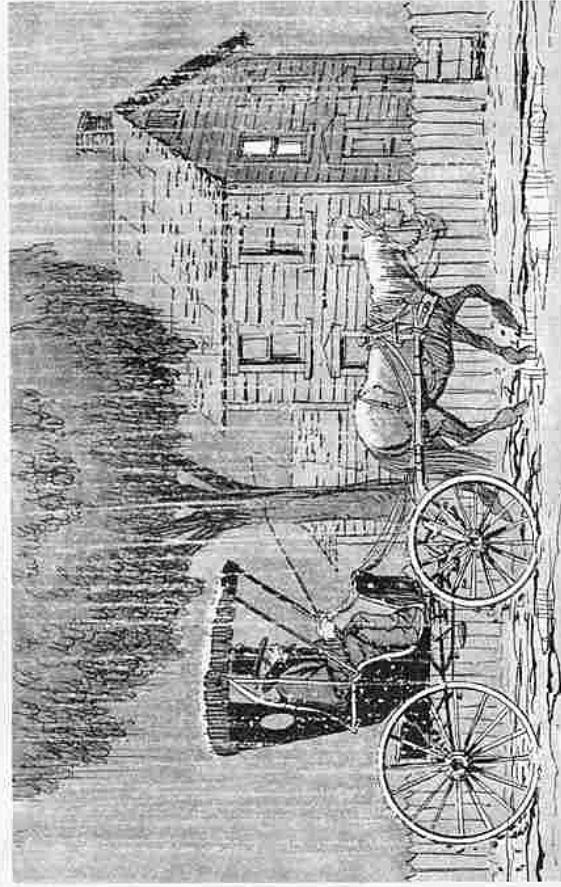
Other quaint household remedies used by pioneers included goose grease, mustard plaster, oil of cloves, powdered cinnamon, turpentine, and driving a wooden stake through the patient's heart. (Note: The last remedy seldom cured diseases; on the bright side, however, pioneer families were seldom bothered by vampires).



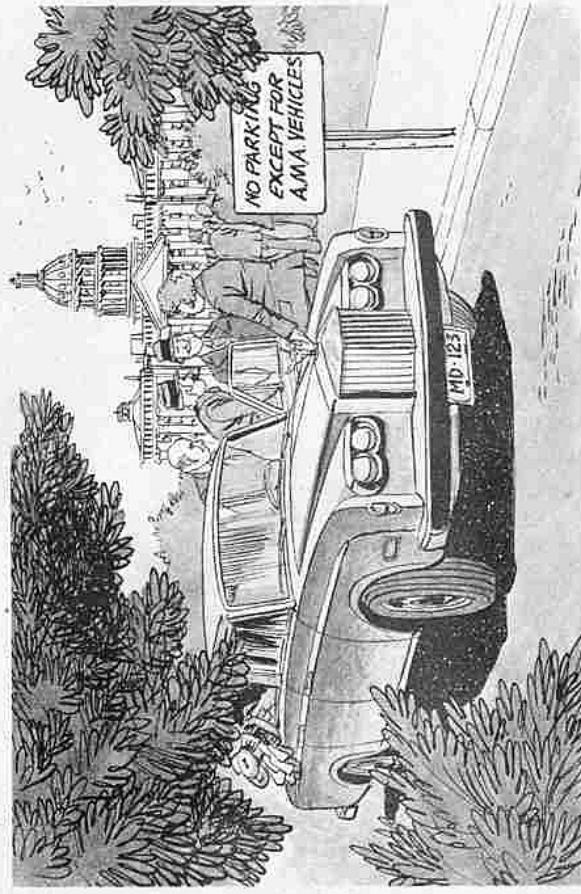
Here we see a typical pioneer woman, with her entire body covered with a repulsive mixture of mashed onions and hog's lard, a string of garlic bulbs around her neck, and a dirty sock tied around each wrist. Note: This woman wasn't actually sick. She just couldn't stand her husband. (See Chapter 31—Other Unusual Birth Control Devices.)

## CHAPTER 6—Modern Medicine

In this century alone tremendous changes have taken place in the medical profession. The following illustrations indicate only one of many examples:



Here we see a typical Doctor of the early 1900's making a house call.



Here we see some typical doctors of today making a House call. After this they will make a Senate call. As usual, the A.M.A. will get what they want, even if it kills us!

But all in all, modern medicine has really come into its own as a great, life-saving science in the 20th century.

For instance, the refinement and perfection of the X-ray has enabled physicians to practically wipe out tuberculosis and other dreaded diseases. Even more exciting things are promised for the future, as soon as medical men can find a cure for the many additional cases of cancer that occur as a result of the excessive use of X-rays to wipe out tuberculosis and other dreaded diseases.

But that's not all. The miracle drug penicillin has succeeded in saving almost as many lives as those lost by people who are violently allergic to such miracle drugs as penicillin.

And still we move triumphantly ahead with our cures. There is open heart surgery and pacemaker implants . . . not to mention the countless diseased hearts that have been replaced by healthy ones. The fantastic results of heart transplantation are widely acclaimed. And they would be trumpeted even louder if the recipients of new hearts were alive today to talk about it.

Finally, and perhaps as important as anything else, has been the great new trust and interest people now have in medical science. For instance more people than ever before are reading about the Surgeon General's edict that cigarette smoking is hazardous to our health. How do we know this to be true? Because never before in our history have more cigarette packs with this message been sold.



## CHAPTER 7-

## Medical Integrity

In the 5th century before Christ, the Hippocratic Oath was established as a model for the behavior of the medical profession. In closing out our book, it might be interesting to look at the original Hippocratic Oath and marvel at

**N**ow being admitted to the profession of medicine, I solemnly pledge to consecrate my life to the service of humanity.<sup>1</sup> I will give respect and gratitude to my deserving teachers.<sup>2</sup> I will practice medicine with conscience and dignity.<sup>3</sup> The health and life of my patient will be my first consideration.<sup>4</sup> I will hold in confidence all that my patient confides in me.<sup>5</sup>

I will maintain the honor and noble traditions of the medical profession.<sup>6</sup> My col-

leagues will be as my brothers.<sup>7</sup> I will not permit considerations of race, religion, nationality, party politics, or social standing to intervene between my duty and my patient.<sup>8</sup>

I will maintain the utmost respect for human life from the time of its conception.<sup>9</sup> Even under threat I will not use my knowledge contrary to the laws of humanity.<sup>10</sup>

These promises I make freely and upon my honor.<sup>11</sup>

1. while making tons of money and beating off pushy, marriageable broads with my stethoscope.

2. and carry on the fine tradition of keeping minority groups out of our medical schools.

3. and go on strike only when malpractice rates rise due to the rank incompetence of 75% of the members of my profession.

4. providing he can get to my office with 106 degrees temperature on a day when I'm not playing golf.

5. unless if, in a lawsuit, the other side is willing to shell out more money.

6. never padding a Medicare bill by more than \$100, except for patients over 62 years of age.

7. and if I'm ever needed to give emergency life or death advice, my answering service will always be available to them.

8. see Footnote #2.

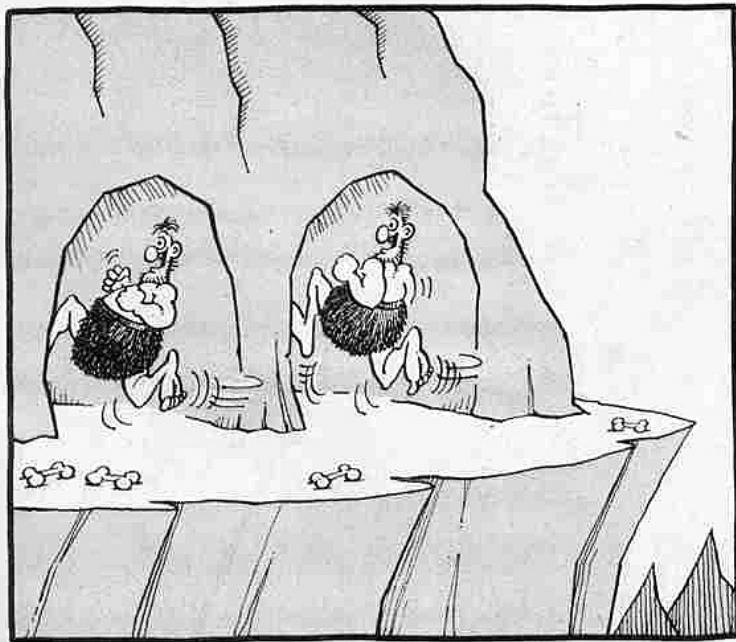
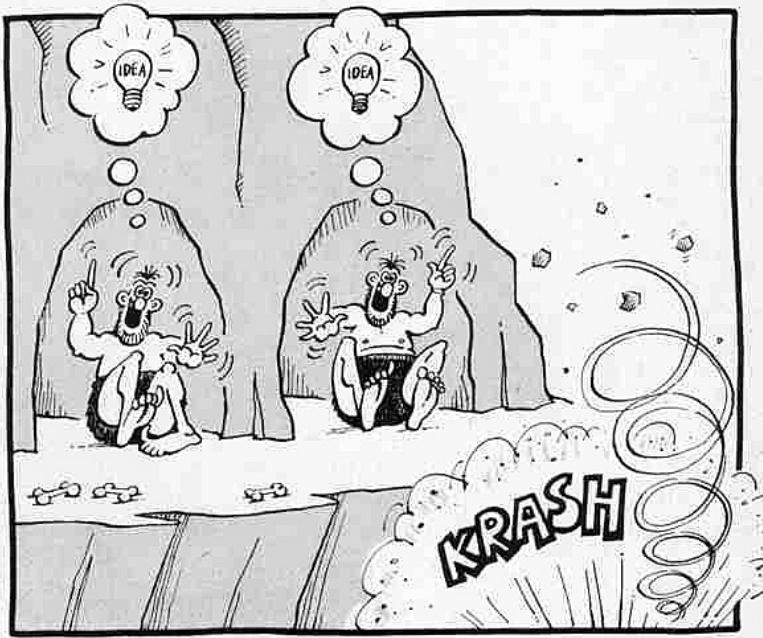
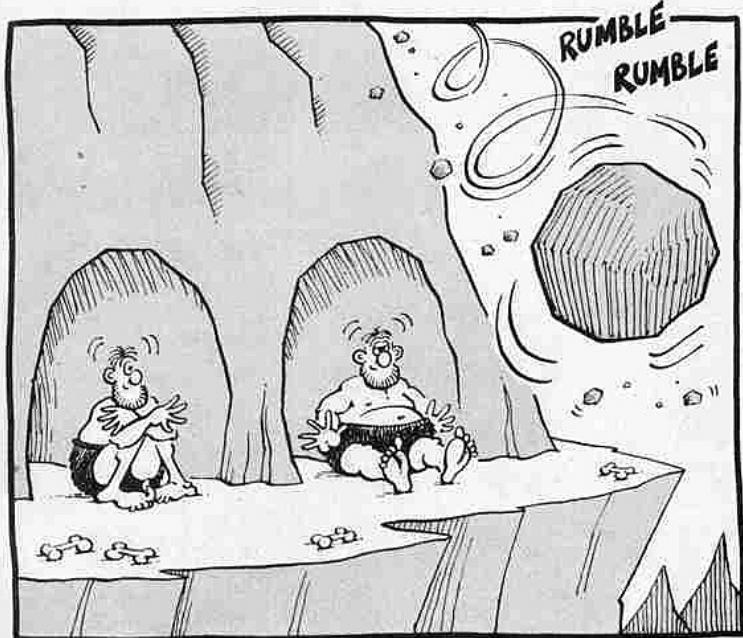
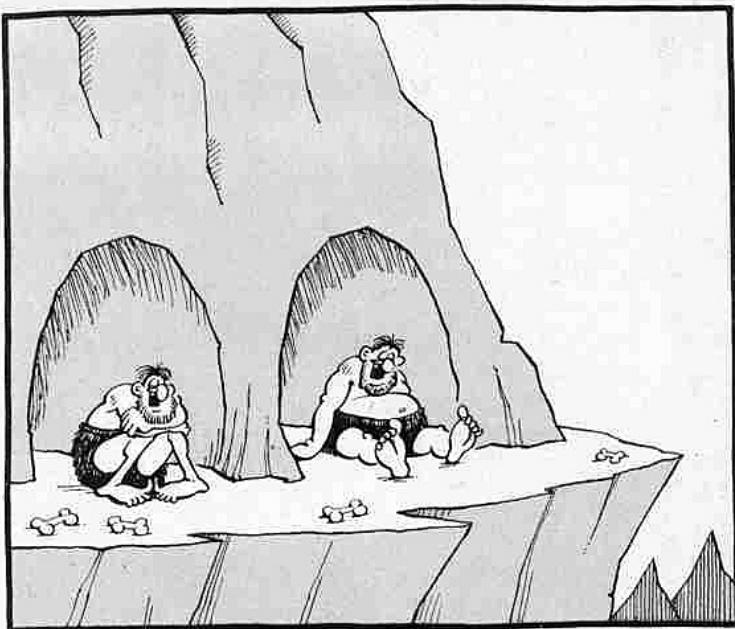
9. and only perform neat, clean abortions.

10. realizing full well that doctoring X-ray plates for phony accident victims is very much a part of today's humanity.

11. and in closing I would like to say that as a physician I will never take myself too seriously or over-emphasize my humble position in this world—so help me, Me!

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

# ONE DAY FIVE THOUSAND YEARS AGO

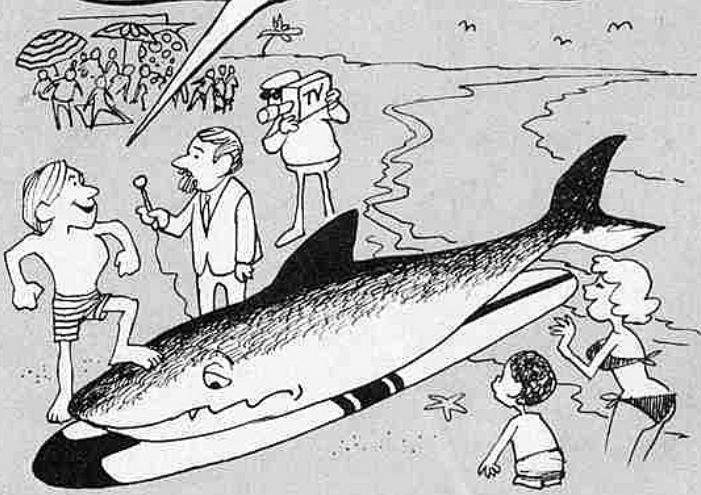
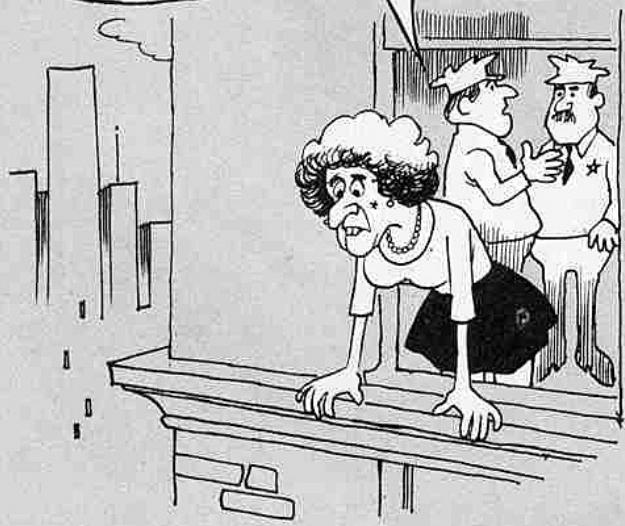
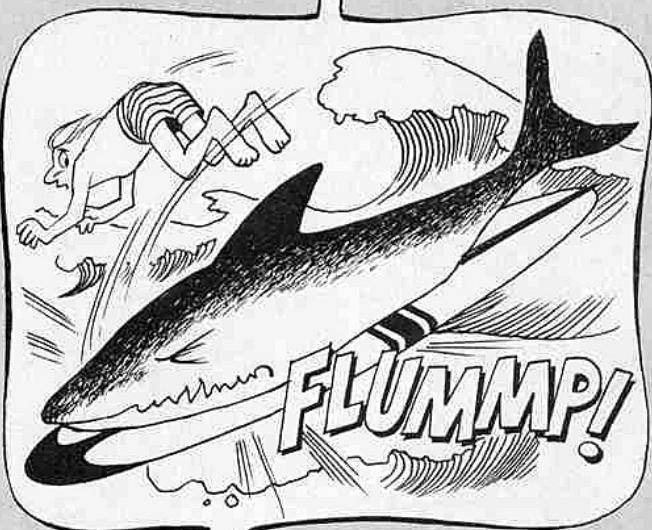
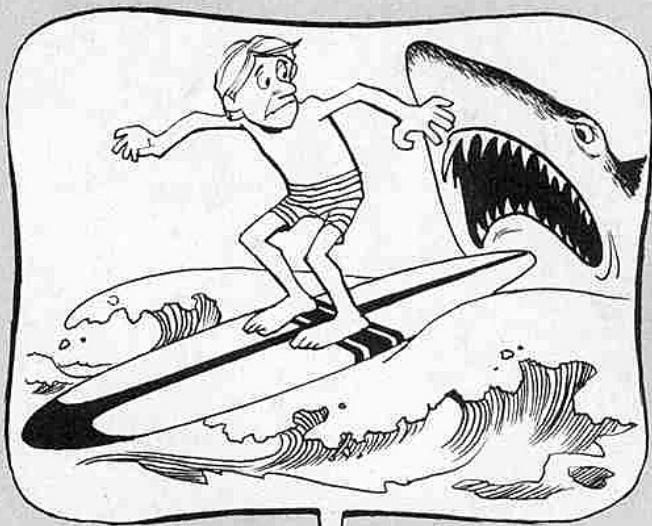
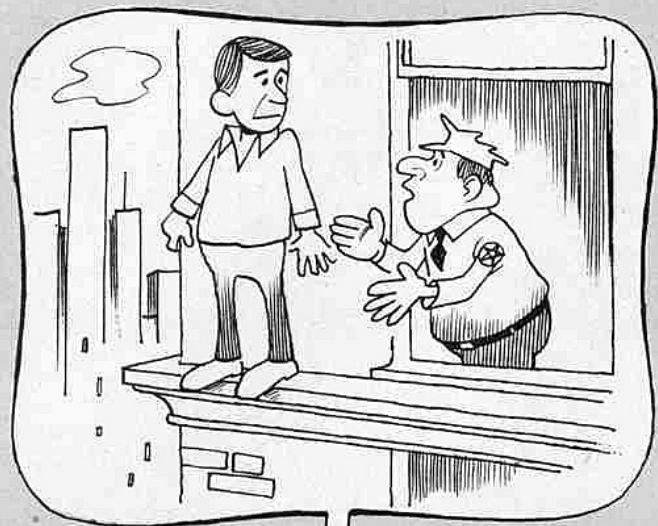


D. MARTIN...

INCIDENT REPLAY DEPT.

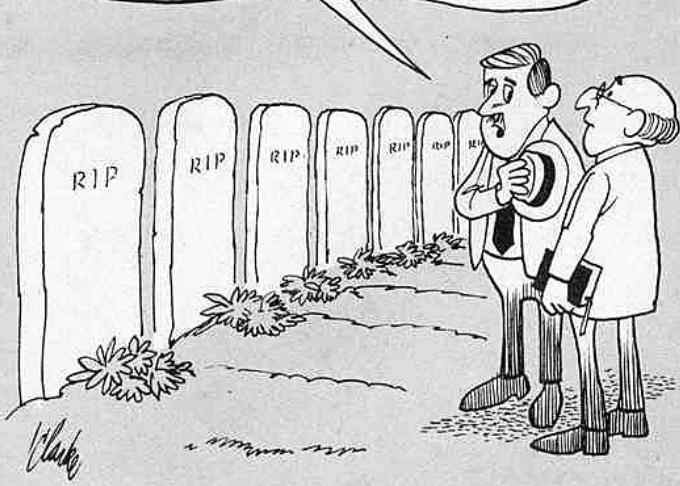
# WHAT'S TH

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE



# E STORY...?

WRITER: DON EDWING



Clark

Darn it! The television set is broken! Now, it's gonna cost me an arm and a leg to get it fixed!

Jack's TV Repair always overcharges me! I know I'm gonna be taken!

So don't call Jack's!

Call some other TV repair shop!

Nahh! Some other shop'll probably take me also! I'd better call Jack's!

If I'm gonna be taken, I'd rather be taken by someone I KNOW!!



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

## THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... CONS

Did you ever read the small print where they list the ingredients in a package?

No . . . but I will now!

Vegetable Monoglyceride . . . Sodium Phosphate . . . Sorbitan Monostearate!

Sodium Sulfite . . . Pyridoxine Hydrochloride . . . Sodium Caseinate . . . BHA and BHT!

Polysorbate 60 . . . Ferrous Sulphate . . . Zinc Oxide . . . Palmitate!

That's an awful lot of chemicals!

Excuse me, Sir! In what aisle do you sell FOOD???

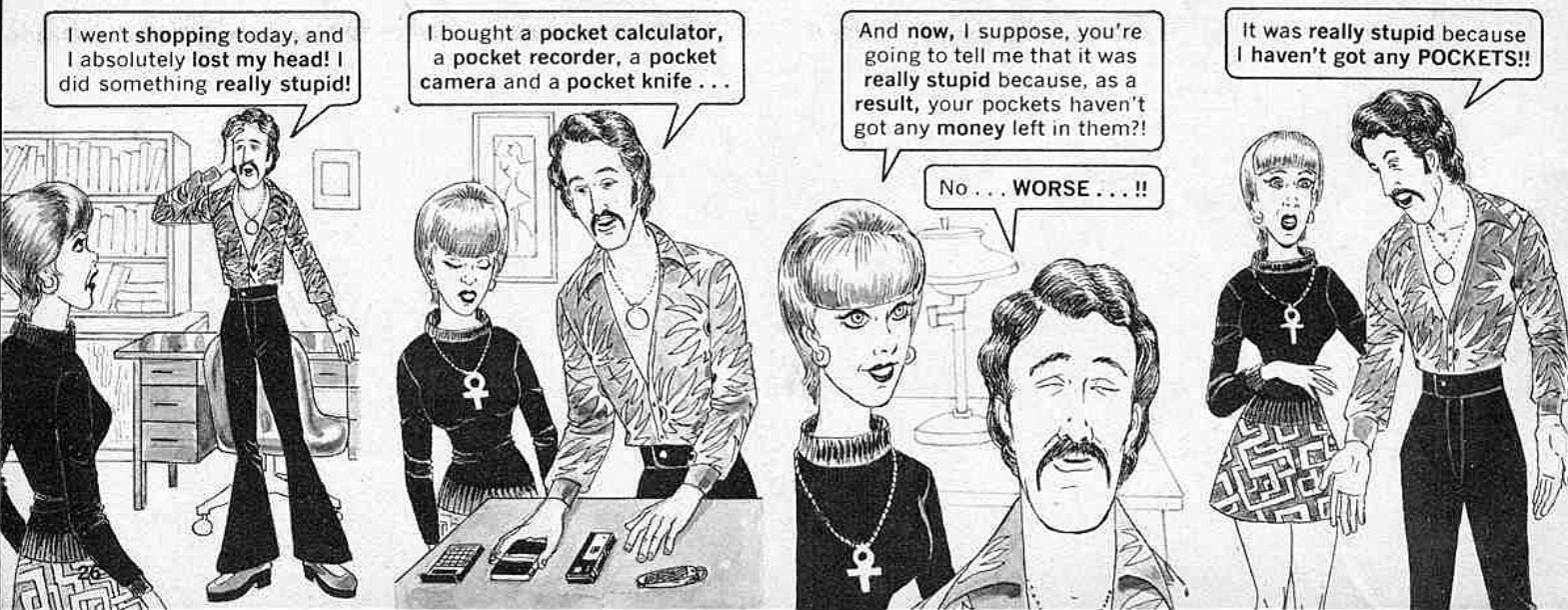
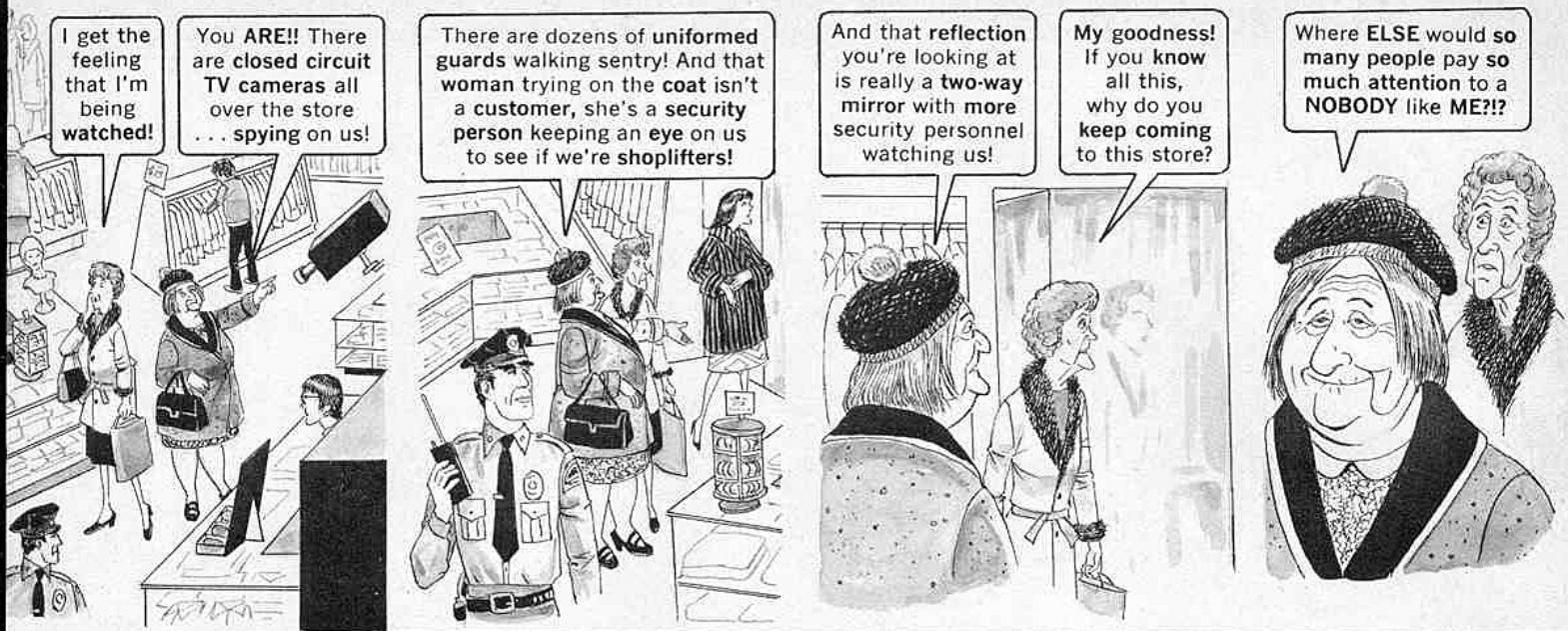


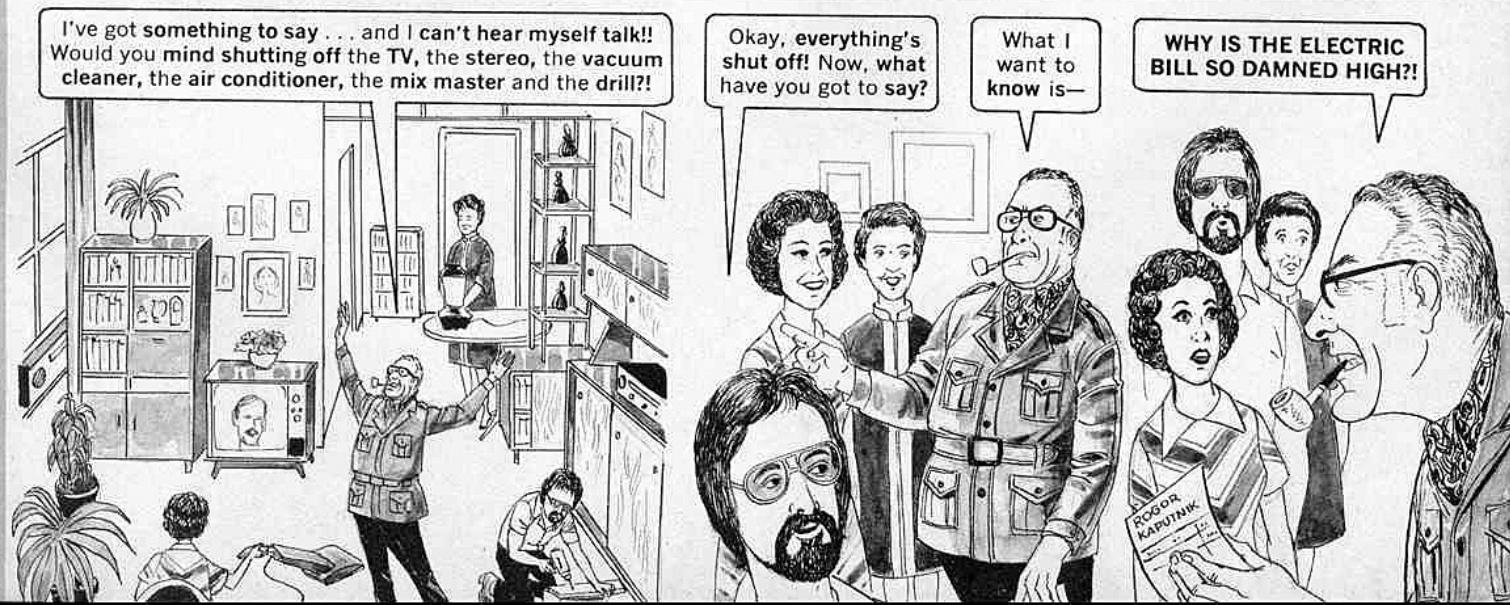


# UMGERS

WRITER & ARTIST:  
DAVID BERG









## CORN ON THE CARD DEPT.

If you think printed Christmas Cards are bad, there's something even worse: A machine-made, mass produced digest of all the thrilling events that took place in the family over the year. And we mean ALL... sparing nothing! In case you are one of the fortunate few who has never received one, here's an example of

# A TYPICAL YEAR-END FAMILY GREETING LETTER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

## THE CULPEPPER 1976 FAMILY LOG

Hi there, friends and relatives out there in America-land. Time once again to fill you in on all the exciting things that have happened to the Culpepper Clan here in good old Pumpalump, Idaho, in Bicentennial '76.

In January all of us Culpeppers were pleased as punch and proud as all git-out when Spangler was made third assistant sales manager of Klunk's Storm Door Company. Beaming wife Hattie attended the awesome promotion ceremony on the parking lot in back of Fliegel's Hardware Store. And if she must say so herself, she was the talk of the town in her scrumptious muumuu and her rhinestone curlers. It was the winter social event of Pumpalump.

My, how time flies. Remember little Rifke? You'd never recognize her now. She got her face caught in the garbage disposal on New Year's Eve. But it's healing nicely. As for the irrepressible twins, Beowulf and Grendel, they're just full of the old get up and go. Which is probably why they got up and went. But they came back in June.

In February it was just one fantastic thing after another. But the high point of the month, which people are still talking about, was when we changed supermarkets. Switching from the A&P on Lummox Street to the Safeway on Pivnick Drive. We want to thank all our friends for your many letters of encouragement on our big move. The Spring as usual was travel time for ye olde Culpeppers and this year we went on just about the most fantastic trip of our lives. Words can't describe the breath-taking scenery, the eye-popping sights, and the incredible picture-postcard-beauty of a fabled vacationer's paradise. We only wish everybody could visit downtown Boise some time in their lives (particularly in the moonlight, when the streets are being washed). The next time you pass through Pumpalump, you must drop in and see our 9,000 slides of Boise (the one with the sun setting over Throckmottle's Fish Market is worth the stop alone).

The Summer was rather a mixed bag for us. The bad news first. In July Spangler's Mom, Dad, sister, brother, and their families were wiped out in a fire at the bowling alley. On the good side, however, in August our Plymouth Duster hit the 50,000 mile mark on the odometer. It was the biggest and most thrilling event of the year in Pumpalump. We threw a party in honor of the occasion, and everyone came dressed as their favorite mechanic. You must drop in and see our 8,000 slides of the party.

The high spot of the Fall was Spangler's hemorrhoidectomy in November. Thank you for all your nice cards, flowers, and best wishes. The next time you're in Pumpalump, you must drop in and see the 7,500 slides of the operation (Golly, taking slides is like eating peanuts. Once you start...ha ha ha).

All the best to you and yours for 1977.

Spangler, Hattie, Rifke, Beowulf, and Grendel

Which brings us to the premise of this article: How come, for the most part, only typical Middle-American families

# YEAR-END FAMILY GREE

From A Mafiosa Family:



## THE 1976 CALAVERRI FAMILY MOUTHPIECE

Greetings from Our Thing to Your Thing. It's been a fantastic year for Capo Don Calaverri and his soldiers. The Family diaper and juke box businesses are booming, our hookers are doing better than ever (Tessie VaBoom gave us quite a scare for a while when she got the flu in February; but thank God she recovered and is off her feet and on her back again); and in April the Don bought eight record companies, 19 poppy fields in Istanbul, and the Secretary of the Treasury.

There wasn't a dry eye in the house last May when Angie "The Father" Casanova celebrated his 25th anniversary as Family spiritual leader and hit man, and in honor of the occasion the Don stole him a gold watch.

Everybody is still talking about the great Family Reunion we had with Don Scungilli and his soldiers in Bayonne last July. First we watched home movies—"The Godfather" Parts I and II (for us that's home movies). It was a very hot afternoon, so we air-conditioned the apartment. Later in the evening we air-conditioned Don Scungilli. (Will the fun and good times never stop?)

September was vacation time again for the lovable, nutty Calaverri Clan, and eight of us piled into the car and took a trip to the lake. We had a fabulous time, and then seven of us piled into the car for the trip back. You should have seen Skoonj "The Stoolie" Abbadondo trying to travel on cement water skis. It was so funny that

From A Harlem Family:

## THE 1976 JACKSON FAMILY JOURNAL

Say what, brothers and sisters? Time for some more year-end jive from the laugh-a-minute Jackson gang here in quaint, picturesque Harlem. Oh Lordy (as us "colored folk" used to say) did we ever have ourselves a year. Little Ruby gave us quite a scare in January when she fell out of a sixth story window. Luckily the garbage outside is piled five stories high, so she only got a flesh wound. Our impish teenager Carmichael has become quite an animal lover, and you should see the tricks he's taught his pet rat, Bucky. Bucky is just now learning how to be sociable. He was nearly frightened to death not too long ago when his old apartment was overrun by Puerto Ricans.

In March William and Malvina celebrated their 15th wedding anniversary the same way they celebrated the other 14, by dining romantically under the stars (they still haven't repaired the hole in the roof over our living room).

April was travel month for the happy-go-lucky Jacksons. This year we decided to go to Miami Beach, a place that used to be restricted, and where they wouldn't let us black people into the hotels. This time we were free to mingle with the shrieking guests who sat around the pool with reflectors, dripping sun tan lotion. We sure miss the old days when Miami was restricted and they wouldn't let us black people into the hotels.

In May Carmichael panicked everyone by giving our landlord, Mr. Forbush, a bouquet of flowers for Mother's Day. "You may not be a woman," Carmichael said to him, "but you're some mother." That Mr. Forbush has a great sense of humor. He must have laughed at least an hour and a half before he finally caught his breath and raised our rent \$575 a month with a 40% in-

send out these letters? Why don't other kinds of people and families send them too? For instance, here are some



# TING LETTERS WE'D LIKE TO SEE

From A Beverly Hills Show Business Family:

## THE 1976 MENCKE FAMILY NEWS

Greetings once again from Rick and Rosalynne Mencke and the five kids...and Rick's four kids from his second wife, Bernyce...and Rosalynne's six kids from her first husband, Otto...and Rick's three kids from Rusty, the cashier at the Brown derby, or was it Mitzi, the meter maid from Pocoima? (Having kids is liking eating peanuts. Once you start...ha ha ha).

All in all it's been a fabulous year. In a way Rick was glad his TV series was cancelled in January before the first commercial. It gave him more time to devote to what he seriously enjoys doing most of all —punching his agent, Bernie, in the mouth.

Spring was party time as usual in Beverly Hills and we went to one super bash after another with showbiz greats Steve and Eydie, Barbra and Jon, Cher and Greg, Arnie and Sue, and Donny and Marie (and their dentist). We were all shocked to learn of the death of beloved actor Sam Bimboe in July. We went to the very tasteful funeral, along with Steve and Eydie, Barbra and Jon, Cher and Greg, Arnie and Sue, and Donny and Marie (and their dentist). We played six very tasteful games of charades at the grave and left.

If we do say so ourselves, the Bar Mitzvah of our son Josh was the social event of the Fall. We rented the Grand Canyon for the occasion, decorating it in tasteful pastel crepe paper and had all the guests come tastefully dressed as c.u. gold prospectors wearing tasteful ten gallon yarmulkas. A fervent, religious cheer went up in the canyon when the rabbi tastefully entered from a rope ladder extending from the Goodyear blimp. We and our Bar Mitzvah boy Josh couldn't have enjoyed it more, even if we were Jewish. In October we went to a fabulous party at

From A Career Army Officer's Family:

## THE 1976 FRISBE FAMILY BUGLE

At ease out there, you %\$#\*& civilians! You're going to accept warm, heartfelt year-end holiday greetings from Maj. George Frisbe and his family even if we have to ram them down your %\$#\*& throats!

Let's face it, 1976 was a \$#"&%\$\* rotten year! Remember how at the end of '75 when everyone was talking about peace on earth and good will towards men. Well Goddam it, that's what we had in this \$#"&%\$\* country: \$&%@& peace! All \$#"&%\$\* year! It's enough to make you sick!

The Spring was vacation time for the Frisbes, and to help the Major get over his depression brought on by unrestricted peace, Frieda and the kids took him to the Far East. We visited Shinto temples in Japan, walked the colorful streets of Hong Kong, and dropped a few bombs on Cambodia (but somehow it just wasn't the same).

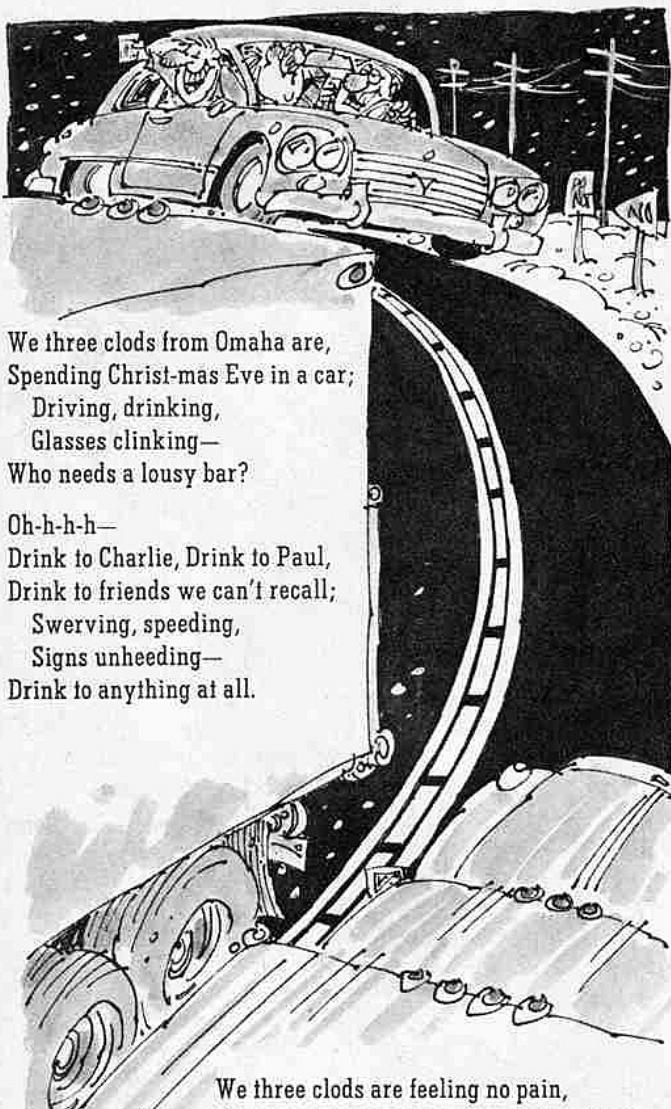
In June George and Frieda shocked their friends by getting a divorce. Although Frieda wanted the marriage to continue, George pointed out to the judge that things between them had reached the impossible stage. Not once in 20 years of marriage had Frieda taken a drop of booze. Who ever heard of a sober army wife? She had made George the laughing stock of the armed forces. The shocked judge told Frieda she didn't have a leg to stand on. Then showing his sense of humor, the judge told George, who had quite a few drinks before coming to court, that he wasn't standing too well himself.

In July George announced plans to remarry in 1977, unless World War III starts--God willing. In August George

# Mad's Christmas

## We Three Clods From Omaha Are

(Sung to the tune of  
"We Three Kings From Orient Are")



We three clods from Omaha are,  
Spending Christ-mas Eve in a car;  
Driving, drinking,  
Glasses clinking—  
Who needs a lousy bar?

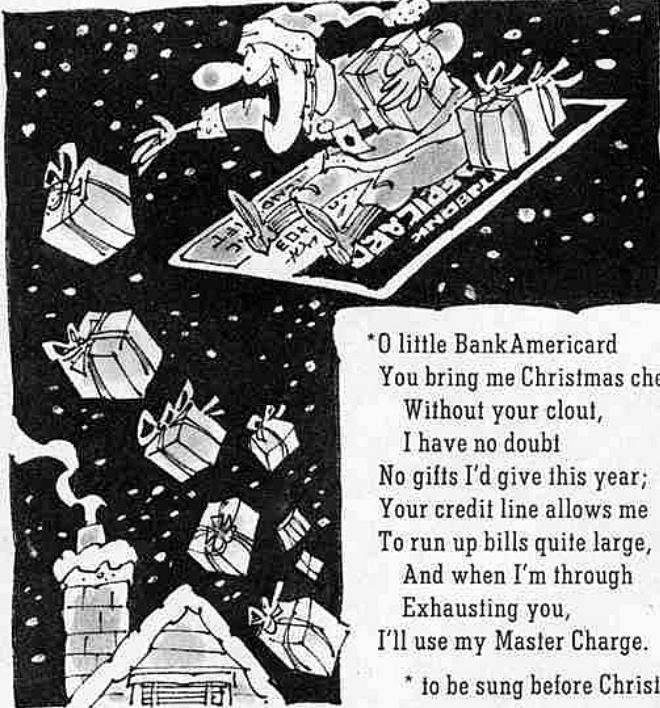
Oh-h-h-h—  
Drink to Charlie, Drink to Paul,  
Drink to friends we can't recall;  
Swerving, speeding,  
Signs unheeding—  
Drink to anything at all.

We three clods are feeling no pain,  
Drunk as skunks with booze on the brain;  
Senses losing,  
Till we're cruising  
Into a wrong-way lane.

Oh-h-h-h—  
Drink to Melvin, drink to Fred,  
Drink to those two trucks ahead;  
Headlights flashing,  
Screeching, crashing—  
Drink till they pronounce us dead.

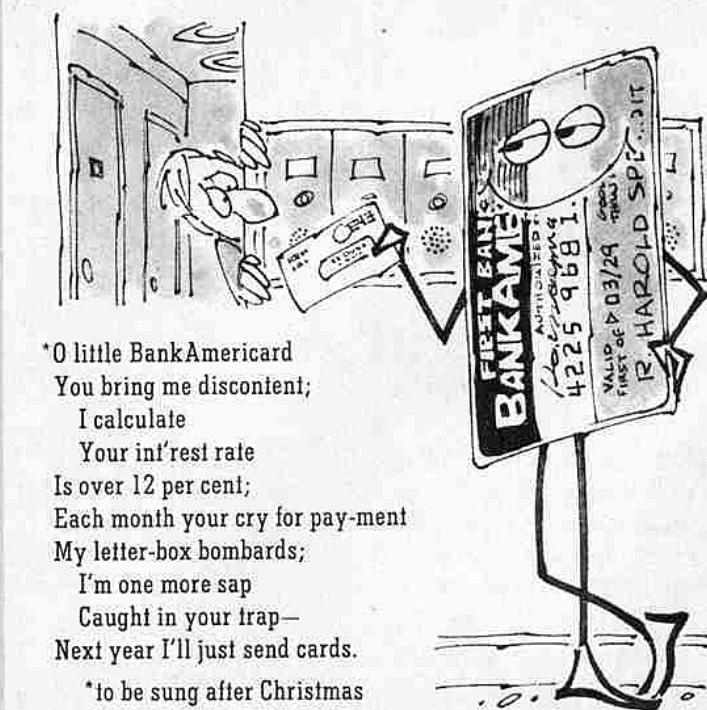
## O Little BankAmericard

(Sung to the tune of "O Little  
Town of Bethlehem")



\* O little BankAmericard  
You bring me Christmas cheer;  
Without your clout,  
I have no doubt  
No gifts I'd give this year;  
Your credit line allows me  
To run up bills quite large,  
And when I'm through  
Exhausting you,  
I'll use my Master Charge.

\* to be sung before Christmas



\* O little BankAmericard  
You bring me discontent;  
I calculate  
Your int'rest rate  
Is over 12 per cent;  
Each month your cry for pay-ment  
My letter-box bombs;  
I'm one more sap  
Caught in your trap—  
Next year I'll just send cards.

\* to be sung after Christmas



# S Carols

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

## Wrap Your Gift

(Sung to the tune of "Deck The Halls")



Wrap your gift with fingers agile—  
Fa la la la la, la la la la!  
Seal it up and mark it "Fragile"—  
Fa la la la la, la la la la!  
There's no reason to feel nervous—  
Fa la la, la la la, la la la!  
You can trust the Postal Service—  
Fa la la la la, la la la la!

Hear the postal worker singing—  
Fa la la la la, la la la la!  
As your parcel he is flinging—  
Fa la la la la, la la la la!  
See it crumpled in the bin there—  
Fa la la, la la la, la la la!  
Aren't you sor-ry you walked in there?  
Fa la la la la, la la la la!

See your parcel speed to Philly—  
Fa la la la la, la la la la!  
Through the air to Cousin Billy—  
Fa la la la la, la la la la!  
It will wind up in Savannah—  
Fa la la, la la la, la la la!  
Vi-a Nome and Butte, Montana—  
Fa la la la la, la la la la!

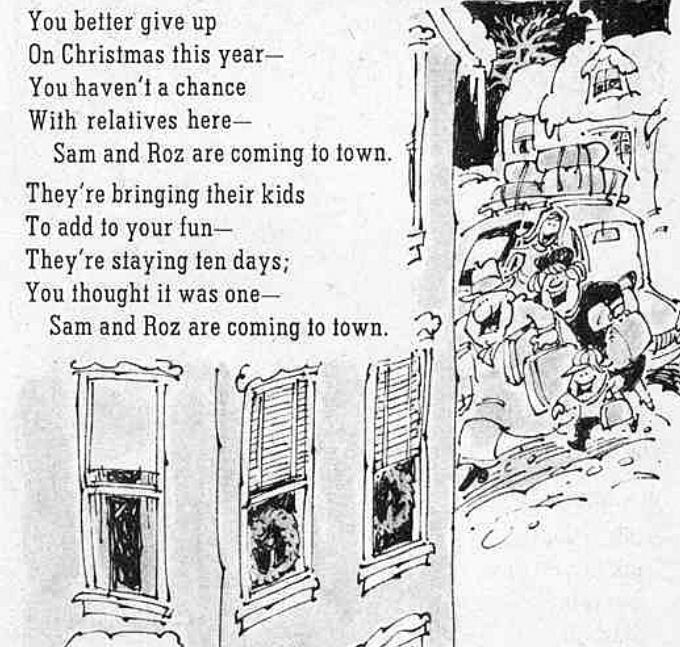


## FOR THE 1976 HOLIDAY SEASON

## Sam and Roz Are Coming To Town

(Sung to the tune of  
"Santa Claus is Coming To Town")

You better give up  
On Christmas this year—  
You haven't a chance  
With relatives here—  
Sam and Roz are coming to town.  
They're bringing their kids  
To add to your fun—  
They're staying ten days;  
You thought it was one—  
Sam and Roz are coming to town.



They'll monopolize your bathroom;  
They'll destroy your sol-i-tude;  
They will eat you out of house and home,  
Then complain a-bout the food.



There's only one way  
To save your No-el—  
You give 'em your house;  
You take a hotel—  
Sam and Roz are coming to town.

## God Rest Ye Poor Small Businessmen

(Sung to the tune of  
"God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen")



God rest ye poor small businessmen  
Who've managed to survive;  
Be glad in this e-con-o-my  
That you are still alive;  
Give shouts of praise at Christmas time  
When folks who buy appear;  
There's a chance . . . you'll break even for the year—  
For the whole year—  
There's a chance that you'll break even for the year.

The chain-stores and con-glo-er-ates  
Have brought you to your knees;  
High taxes, rent and labor costs  
Have caught you in a squeeze;  
The cost of goods keeps going up—  
Inflation's running on—  
So give thanks . . . you can buy cheap from Taiwan—  
Good old Taiwan—  
So give thanks that you can buy cheap from Taiwan.

## It Hangs Down From Our Chandelier

(Sung to the tune of  
"It Came Upon a Midnight Clear")

It hangs down fro-m our chandelier—  
We have no idea what it does;  
Its shape is weird and it drips with goo  
And lets off a high-sounding buzz;  
It grows a couple of feet each day  
And wiggles with kind of a twitch;  
We keep it 'cause it's a pres-ent from  
A visiting uncle who's rich.



## Out There On The Sidewalk

(Sung to the tune of  
"Away In A Manger")



Out there on the sidewalk a Santa Claus stands  
Beside a fake chimney, a bell in his hands;  
A second one's smoking a smelly cigar;  
A third one is picking his teeth in a bar;



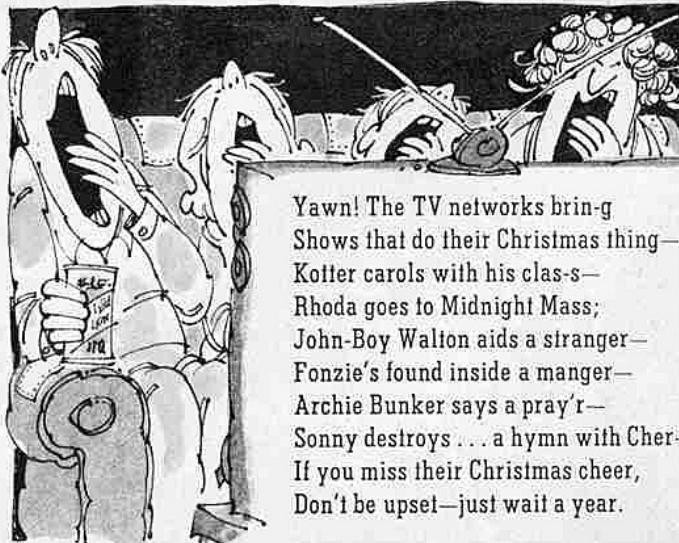
A fourth Santa's trying to pick up a blonde;  
A fifth one is drunk in the gutter beyond;  
A sixth one is part of a window display;  
The seventh and eighth ones appear to be gay

They're fat and they're skinny; they're short and  
they're tall;  
And none looks a bit like the real one at all;  
With so many Santas, it's tough to keep score—  
Small wonder that kids don't believe any-more.



## Yawn! The TV Networks Bring

(Sung to the tune of  
"Hark! The Herald Angels Sing")



Yawn! The TV networks brin-g  
Shows that do their Christmas thing—  
Kotter carols with his clas-s—  
Rhoda goes to Midnight Mass;  
John-Boy Walton aids a stranger—  
Fonzie's found inside a manger—  
Archie Bunker says a pray'r—  
Sonny destroys . . . a hymn with Cher—  
If you miss their Christmas cheer,  
Don't be upset—just wait a year.

PUBLISHER'S OVER-SCHLOCK DEPT.

Whenever a department store has a lot of unwanted merchandise cluttering up the place, it holds a clearance sale. Well, we here at MAD have the same problem. During our more than twenty years of publication, we've accumulated a mess of artwork, scripts, old type, premises, etc., that we've got no use for. If we had any smarts at all, we'd offer them to the public as bargains. In other words, we'd throw them all together in



THE  
**MAD**  
CLEARANCE  
CATALOGUE  
OF  
UNWANTED  
ARTICLES,  
FEATURES,  
GIMMICKS,  
AND  
PREMISES

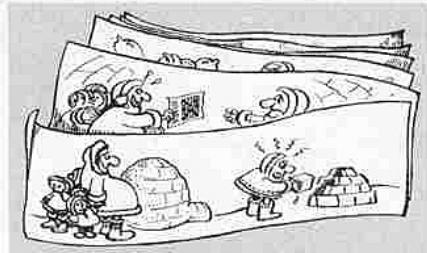
**MOVIE & TV TAKE-OFFS.** We pride ourselves on satirizing the "big" shows, but we must have been delirious to order movie take-offs of bombs like "Gable and Lombard" ("Garble and Dumbard") and "Krakatoa, East of Java" ("Tapioca, Ecch with Lava") and TV spoofs of "The Dumplings" (The Dumdums"), "Barefoot in the Park" ("Barefoot in the Yecch") and "Invisible Man" ("Divisible Ham"). Each \$9.95. Take them all—please!



**It is now my unpleasant duty to report the latest example of corruption in our nation's atmosphere!**



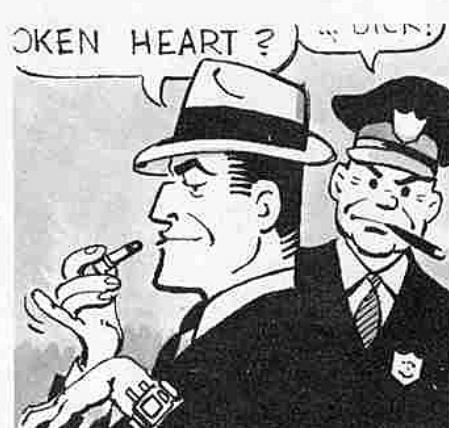
**NEAR MISSES.** We at MAD are proud of our sense of timing, our keeping on top of the news, our uncanny shrewdness at anticipating future events. Yessir, we're infallible, except when we blow it by ordering articles that become unrunnable right after we order them. Among them: "When NBC Makes Full Use of Barbara Walters," "A MAD Interview With Howard Hughes," "A Look at President Udall's Wallet." Others, just as ill-timed. Each—for only \$10.95.



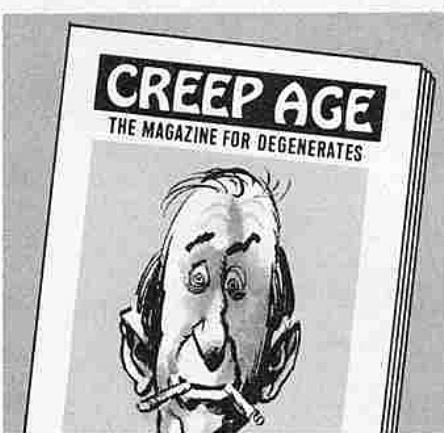
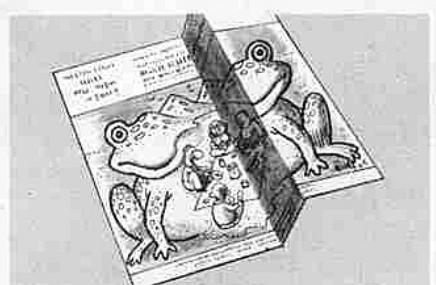
**MARGINALS.** MAD's illustrator of this running feature, Sergio Aragonés, rarely misses, but in 1968 he mailed in a batch of 39 "Marginals," all dealing with Eskimo family planning. We still don't know his reason, but after eight years of trying to find an excuse for running them, we've given up and now offer them at \$4.50 per gag, 3 for \$11.75, 10 for \$27.50, the entire lot for \$67.95.



**COMIC STRIP SATIRES.** They seemed like good ideas at the time, but now...? Among the many in our "Can't Use" file are "If Comic Strip Characters Were On Death Row," "When The Gay Liberation Movement Spreads To The Comics" and something we've held for 12 years involving Mary Worth and strip-mining. Best offer takes. Minimum bid \$4.50 per article. Sorry, no phone orders.



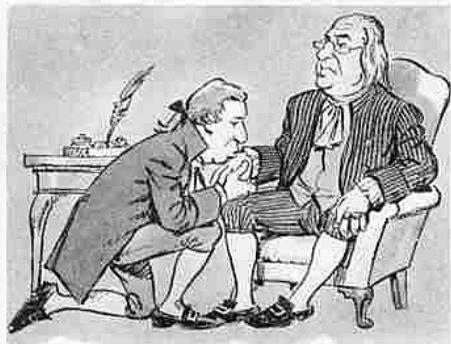
**PRIMERS.** See this blurb. See us trying to unload 17 MAD primers that didn't make it. See yourself sending us \$7.95 for "The MAD Crop Rotation Primer" or "The MAD Primer on Diabetes and Other Diseases of the Digestive System" or "The MAD Frisbee Primer." See us banking the money fast before you discover what you got, retch, and demand your payment back.



**MAGAZINES.** MAD loves to create magazines that are funny, satirical and entertaining. Here are some that weren't. Among them: "BURP—The Magazine for Gluttons"; "OAF MONTHLY—The Magazine for the Clumsy"; "LITTLE PEOPLE—The Magazine for Grown-Ups Under Five Feet"; "CREEP AGE—The Magazine for Degenerates." Includes layouts, art, type. Just \$16.50 each. Cash only, please.

**FOLD-INS.** Even Al Jaffee goofs as evidenced by these Fold-Ins that didn't make it. We've 26 gathering dust, one of which depicts a picnic scene which unaccountably folds into a frog, another of an air view of Nutley, New Jersey, which unexplainably folds into a profile of Jaffee's brother, and others—just as mind-boggling. \$6.95 each . . . . . 3 for \$15.

**BEHIND THE SCENES AT . . .** you name it, we've tried it—and muffed it. We don't know **WHY** we commissioned "Behind the Scenes at an ICBM Launch Site," or "Behind the Scenes at a Trailer Court in Ogden, Utah," or "Behind the Scenes at the National Plowing Contest" but our stupidity is your opportunity. These and dozens more only \$3.95 each. Take 'em all (34) for \$99.50.



**BICENTENNIAL IDEAS.** During the past 18 months or so, our writers submitted 53 unsalvageable scripts for Bicentennial satires, each one worse than the next. Among them: "If Benjamin Franklin Had Been a Mafia Don"; "Behind The Scenes at Nathan Hale's Hanging"; "If Patrick Henry Announced Monday Night Football." Others equally horrendous. Yours at \$15.75 each. All sales final, irrevocable, and unexchangeable.

**XMAS SONG PARODIES.** Why did we order this article? Heaven knows, but we're relieved to unload it at \$2.95 a ditty. Available are "We Three Clods From Omaha Are" (to the tune of "We Three Kings From Orient Are"); "It Hangs Down From Our Chandelier"; "It Came Upon A Midnight Clear"; "O Come All Ye Woe-ful"—and seven more, equally idiotic and unsingable. All 10 only \$15.50



**DON MARTIN SOUND EFFECTS.** Several hundred expressions, set in type for Don Martin articles, but never used. We note 37 THLUPS, 24 FWAPS, a dozen or so THOOMPS and SPROINGS, plus the usual BREEP-BREEPs, FWADDAPPs, KA-BOOMs, FWISKs and SKLISHKs, and an occasional SKLOOSH, FLABADAP and a FOONGA-FOONGA. The entire lot only \$21.50. Order now and receive **FREE 3 FONEBONES.**

**DAVE BERG'S "LIGHTER SIDES."** Only a few left of these 5-pagers, which, though unprintable in MAD, will make wonderful decorations for your den. Still available are "The Lighter Side of Toilet-Training," "The Lighter Side of Terminal Illness," "The Lighter Side of Unwed Motherhood." Others available on request. Shipped in a plain brown wrapper . . . . . \$7.75 each.



**CURSE WORDS.** Now you can own a X!#\$%#! of your very own—just like the ones you see in MAD. Guaranteed authentic, most of them were left over from type we had set for our satires of "Patton," "The Godfather" and "Dog Day Afternoon." Only \$5.95 will bring you a X!#\$!#! and a \$#X-@&!. Special Budget Offer: \$2.95 for a X!#!



**NIXED FRONT COVERS.** We've got close to a dozen piled up in our stockroom, and if you saw them you'd understand. We'll never know why we commissioned a picture of Alfred E. Neuman as a Bulgarian naval officer, or conducting the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, or performing open-heart surgery, but we did and with disastrous results. Only \$12.95 each—as is and absolutely non-returnable.

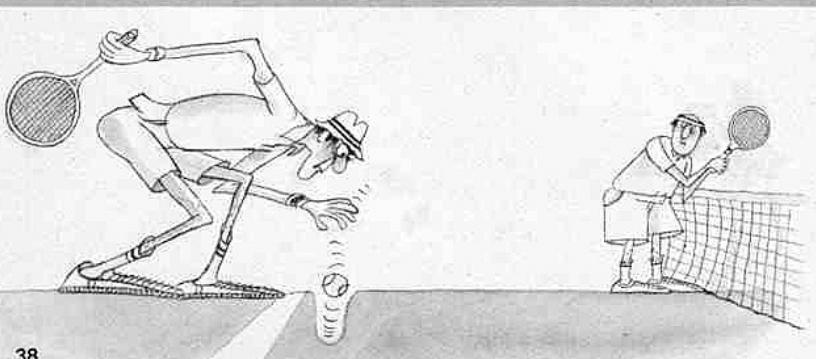
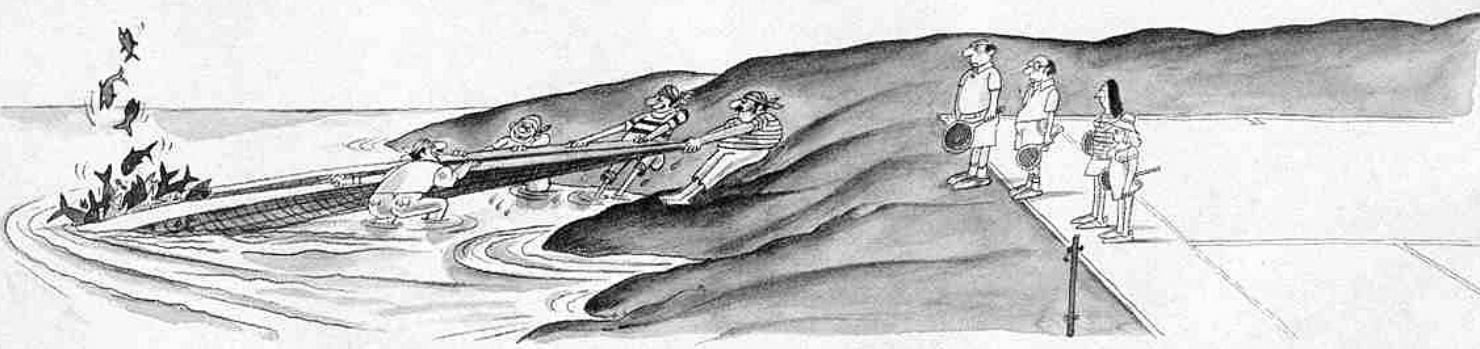
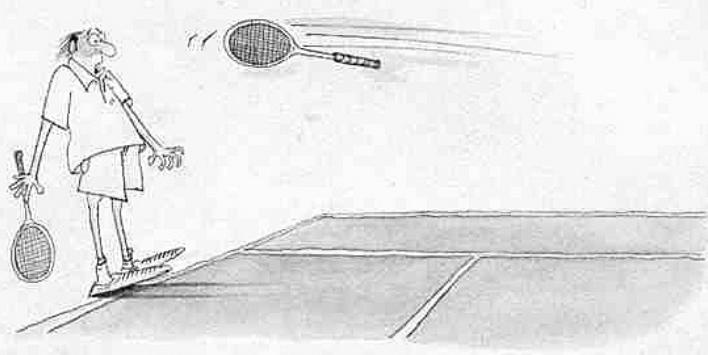
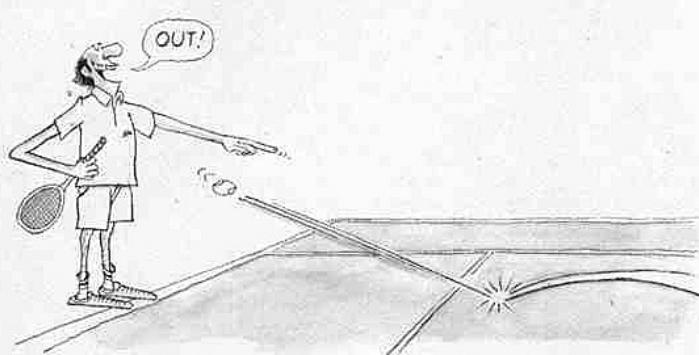
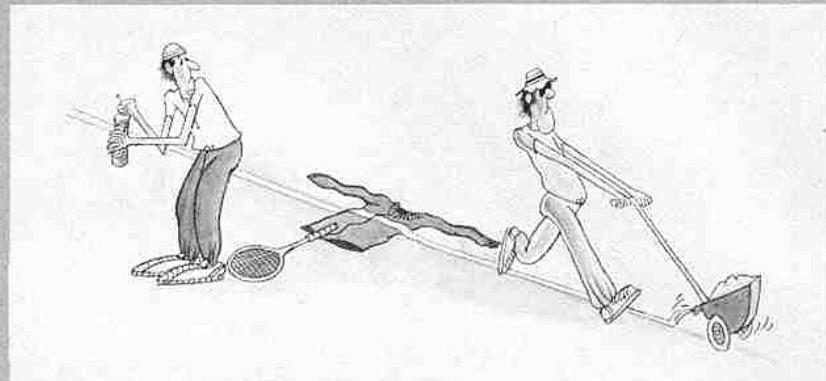


**FILLERS.** At MAD, a "filler" is a short article that can run any time. Well, we've got a pile of them that can't run any time. You can choose from such ridiculous premises as "You Know You're a Member of an Emerging African Nation When . . ." or "Whoopee Cushions to Match Careers" or "When The Trend Toward Aging Gets Out of Hand." 4 for \$10.00 until Feb. 1. After that, 5 for \$10.00.

**NOTE: THIS SALE ENDS AUG. 9, 1976  
NO ORDERS ACCEPTED AFTER THAT DATE.**

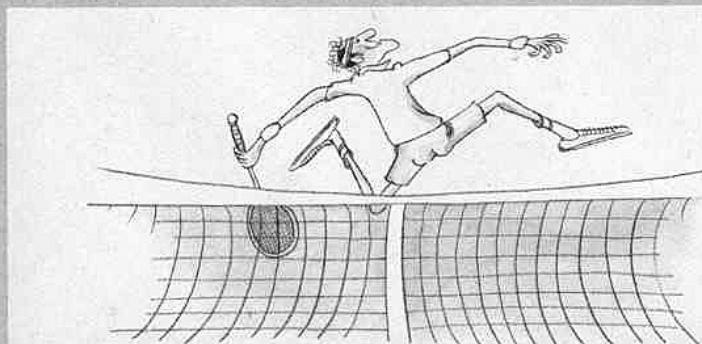
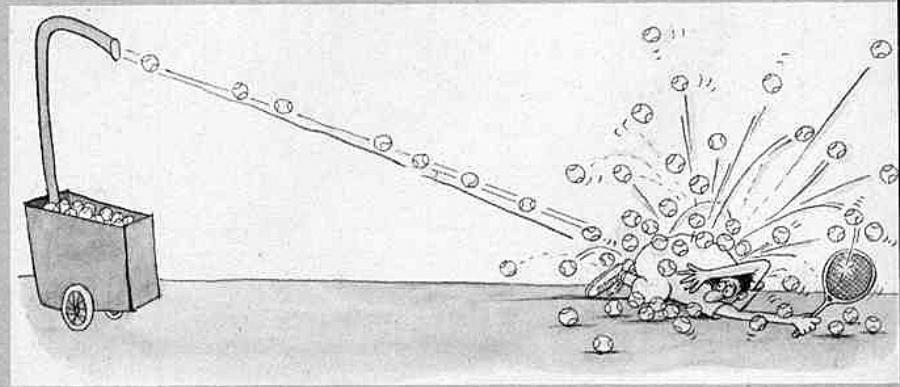
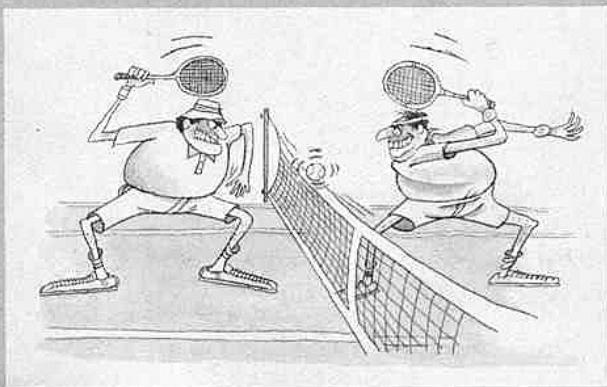
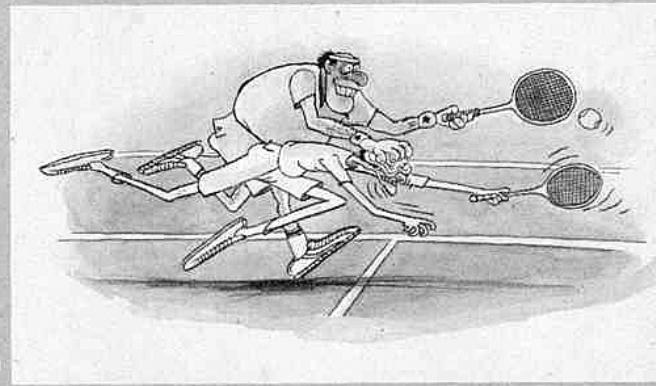
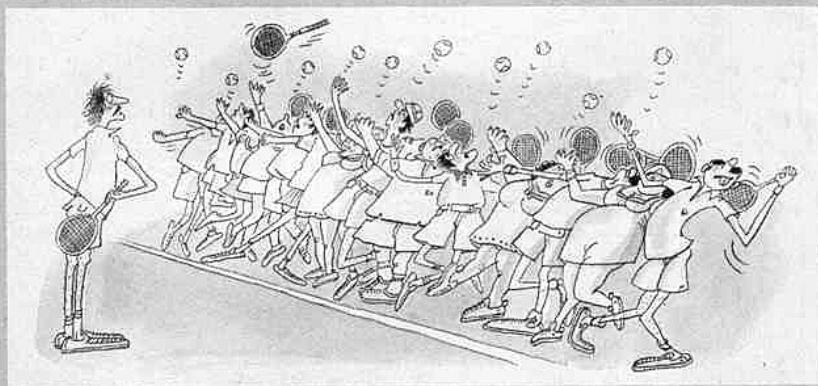
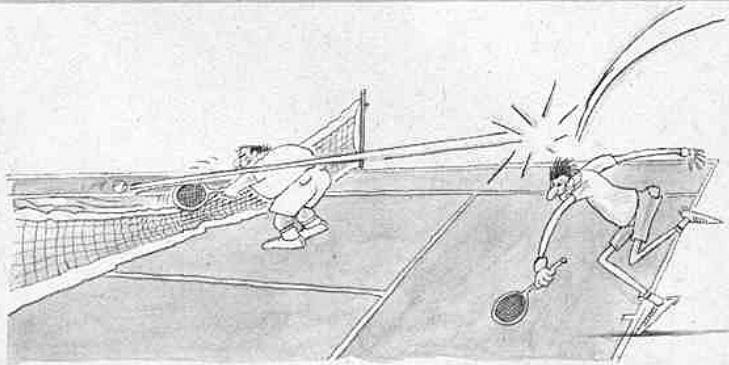
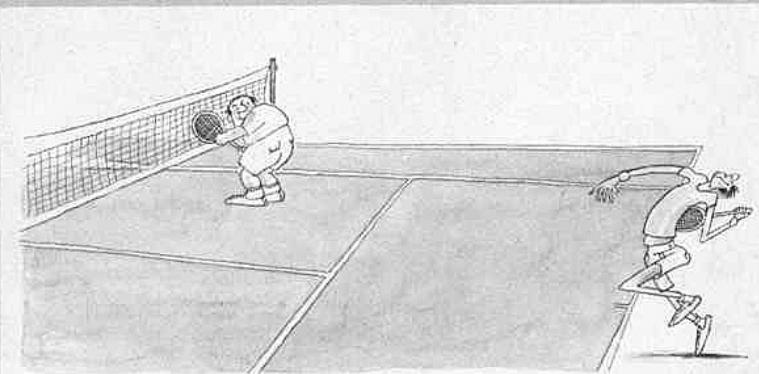
COURT JESTINGS DEPT.

# A MAD Look At The

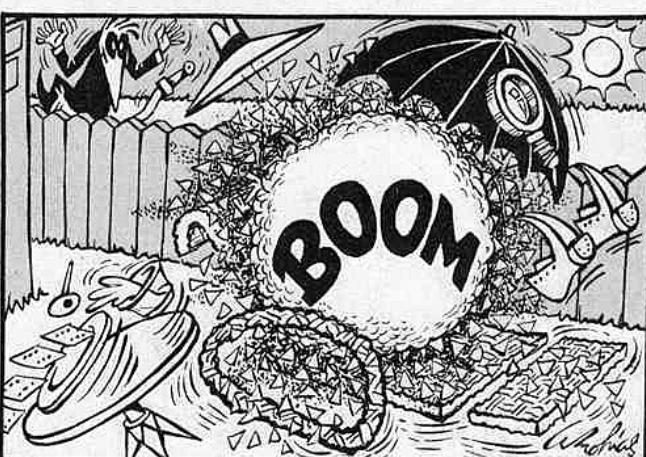
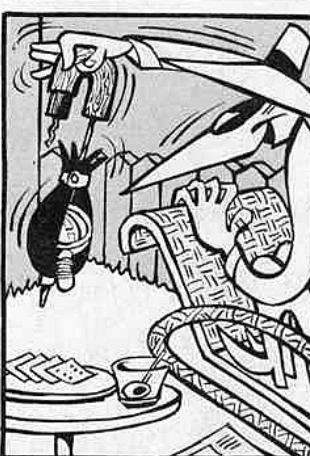
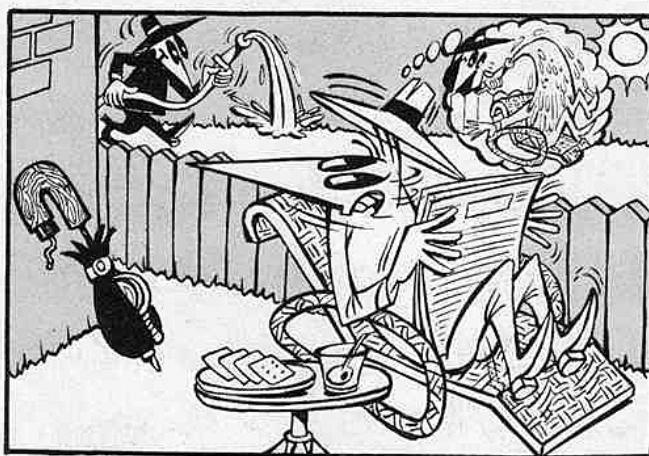
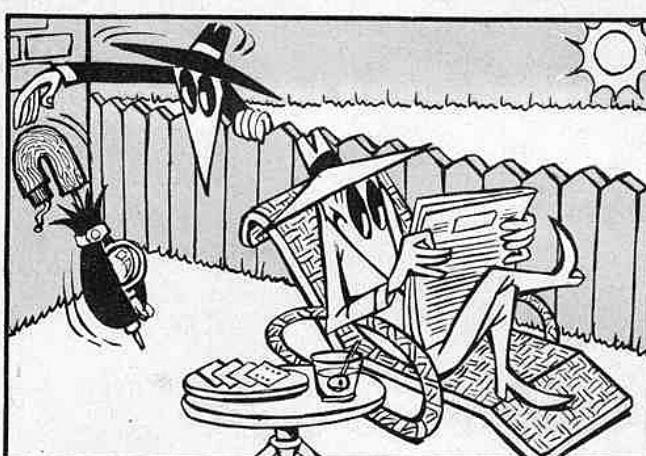


# TENNIS SET

ARTIST & WRITER:  
PAUL PETER PORGES



JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT.



SPLIT SCREAM DEPT.

# PRESENTING A **MAD** DOUBLE FEATURE

CAN A 12-YEAR-OLD GIRL  
HANDLE HER ROLE AS A  
STAR OF A TEAM... AND  
NOT GO TO PIECES?!!

WILL SPORTSMANSHIP PREVAIL IN LITTLE  
LEAGUES—OR IS THIS A REALISTIC MOVIE?

**SEE**

The year's most  
heart warming,  
adorable movie,  
about a bunch  
of misfits who  
show that with  
courage and  
determination,  
you still have  
to play dirty  
to win!

**THE  
BAD  
MOUTH  
Bears**

**STARRING**  
TANTRUM WALTER  
O'NEAL MATTAU

AND A CAST OF JUVENILES OF ASSORTED  
SIZES, RACES, CREEDS AND VULGARITIES

CAN A 50-YEAR-OLD  
COACH HANDLE A  
12-YEAR OLD GIRL...  
AND NOT GO TO JAIL?



THE PICTURE  
MARLY BRANDY WANTED  
TO MAKE SO HE  
WOULDN'T BE BOthered  
WITH AN AWARD ON  
"OSCAR" NIGHT!

THE PICTURE THEY SAID COULDN'T BE MADE  
(OR WAS THAT SHOULDN'T BE MADE?)

**SEE**

Hollywood's  
two biggest  
Stars...  
locked in a  
colossal  
struggle...  
to determine  
whose career  
will survive  
this bomb!

**"THE  
MISERY  
BREAKS"**

**STARRING**

MARLY & HACK  
BRANDY & NICHOLPLUGS

& A CAST OF ADULTS OF ASSORTED SIZES,  
SEXES, CREEDS AND VULGARITIES



DIRECTOR

Can a tired old man with psychological problems who tries to drown himself in drink maintain respect as a leader? No, this isn't a movie about Richard M. Nixon! It's about Coach Morris Buttermilker and ...

# THE BAD-MOUTH Bears



Buttermilker,  
I want you to  
coach The Bads,  
but I have to  
warn you! ...  
They're not  
very good!

Leave it to  
me! I once was  
on a team that  
was THIRTY  
GAMES BEHIND  
at one point!

What  
point  
was that?  
  
At the  
end of the  
season!

Besides, I know  
one of the kids  
is a good athlete!  
You told me he  
kicked a ball  
FIFTY YARDS!

Yes ...  
but  
he was  
playing  
Shortstop  
at the  
time!

Men, we're  
gonna have a  
great team  
because we  
have the  
spirit and  
the will  
to win!

Aggh! This  
is just a  
bunch of  
Greasers,  
Shines,  
Kikes and  
Dagos!

Watch that  
stuff! When  
we're on the  
ballfield,  
we're all  
the same!  
  
Oh, yeah?

Yeah! And when I get THROUGH with them, you won't be able to tell ONE from the OTHER!

Man, THAT ... I gotta see!!

Okay! Now for some chalk talk! Now ... you have a man on second base ...

We don't have a second base!

Really?!? How come? I ate it! I thought it was a muffin!

Oh ... ? Do we have a third base? Yeah! I'm on a diet!



Nice swing, kid! Just one thing to remember ...

Wait until I throw the ball!

What's that ... ?

Nice arm, kid! Just one thing to remember ...

Wait until you GET the ball!

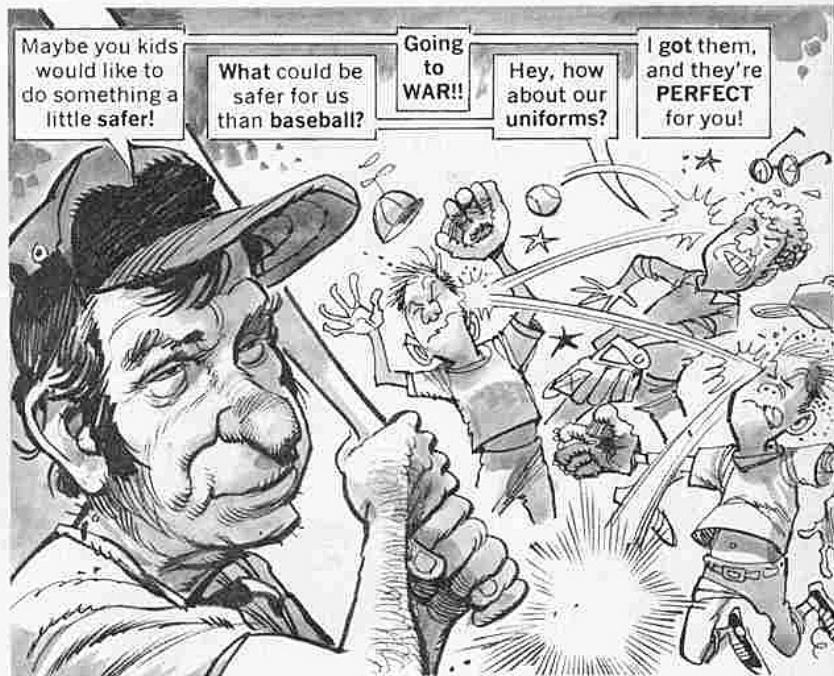
What's that ... ?

Maybe you kids would like to do something a little safer!

Going to WAR!!

Hey, how about our uniforms?

I got them, and they're PERFECT for you!



How can we play ball in these?!?

The same way you play ball without them! Terribly!

Buttermilker, I don't want any of your &@%\$#%! You can take your baseball team, and you can shove it!

So you don't want to be a ballplayer any more?!? What DO you want to be??

A LADY!!

I guess you don't have it any more! You're probably over the hill!

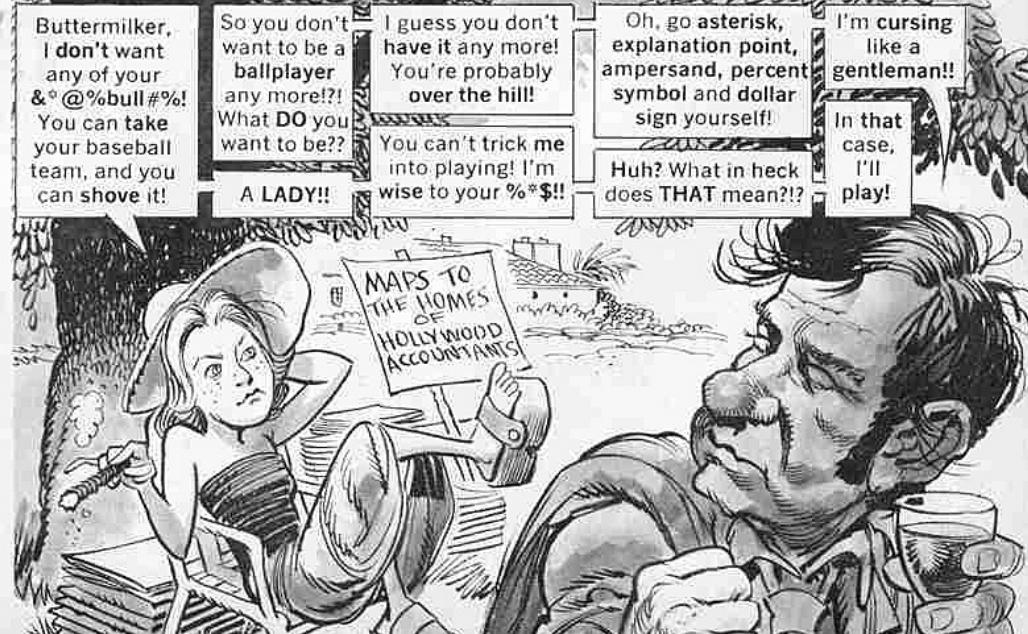
You can't trick me into playing! I'm wise to your %\*\$\$!!

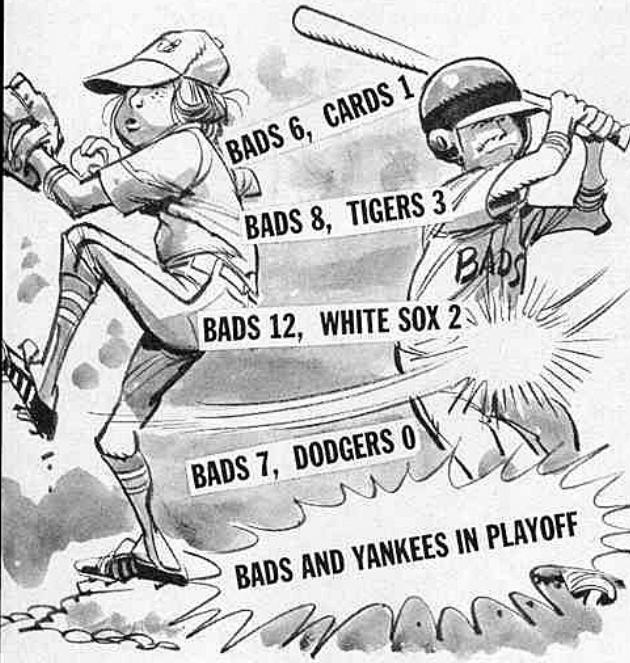
Oh, go asterisk, explanation point, ampersand, percent symbol and dollar sign yourself!

Huh? What in heck does THAT mean?!?

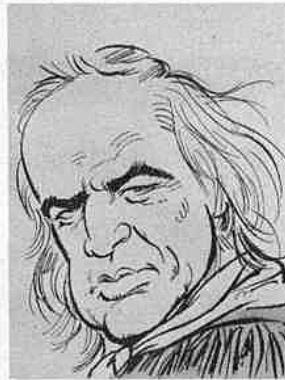
I'm cursing like a gentleman!!

In that case, I'll play!





Don't tell your friends the ending of this latest Western epic making the rounds, or they'll know you sat through it all, wondering when . . .



# THE MISERY BREAKS



ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: STAN HART

I'll get even with ' that ranch owner for hangin' my buddy! I'm gonna steal his horses, burn his house, and kill him inch by inch!

Man, you are a SADIST!

I know! And then I'm gonna run off with his ugly daughter!

His ugly daughter? WHY?!!

Because I'm also a MASOCHIST!

I sure admire the way your Father handles Rustlers! I'd like to get a nice place as close to him as possible!

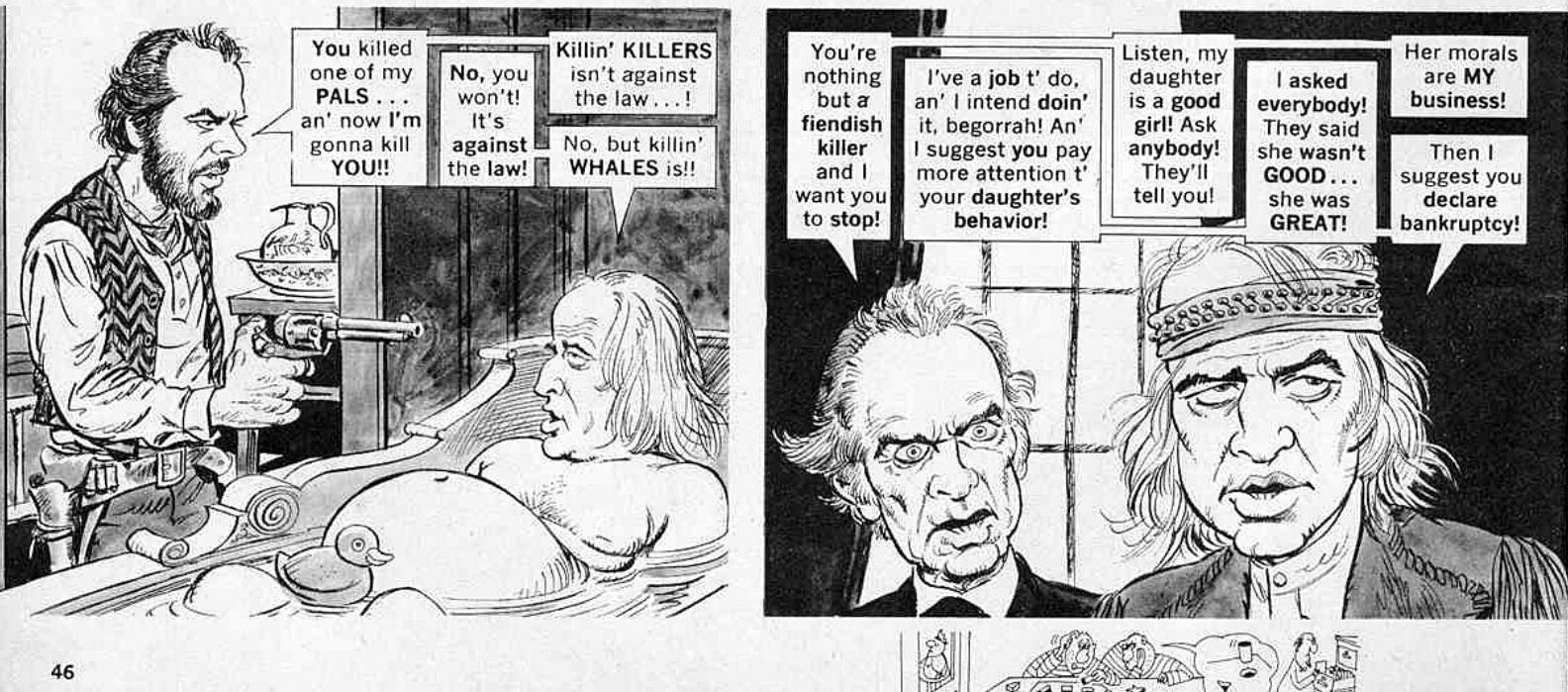
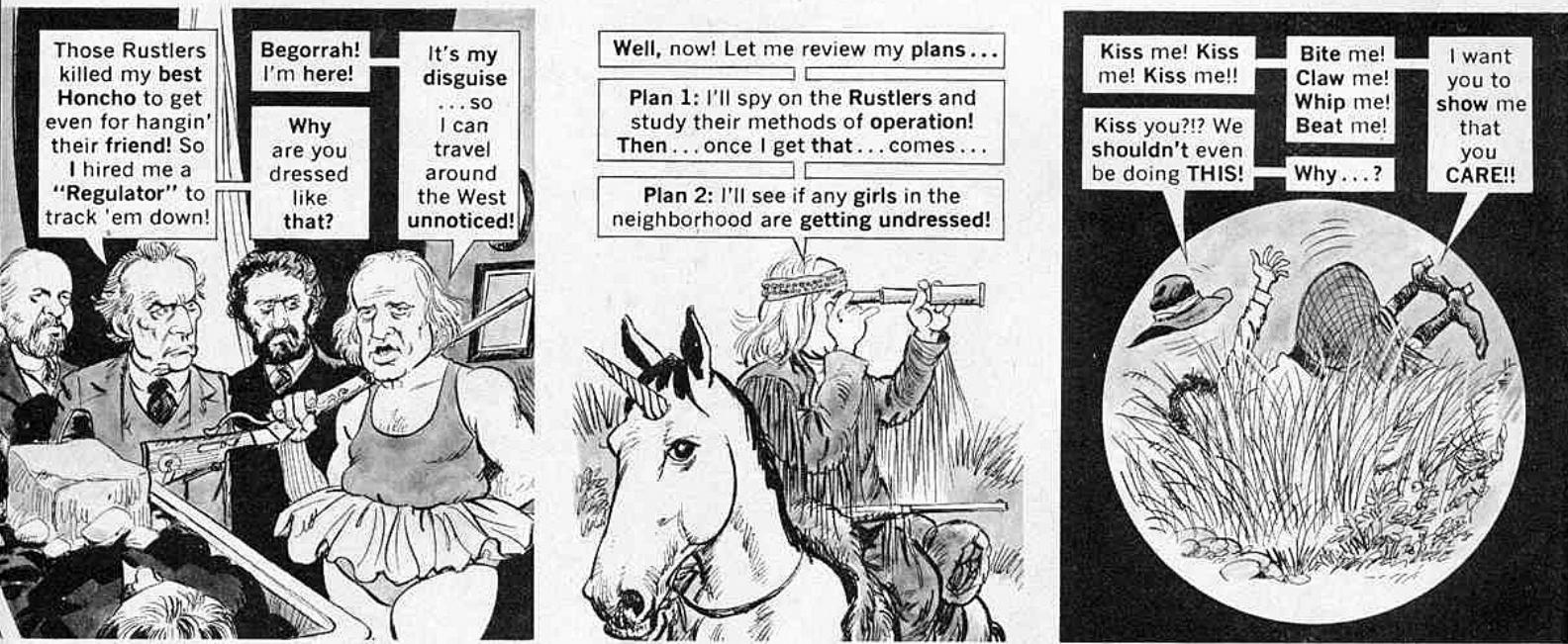
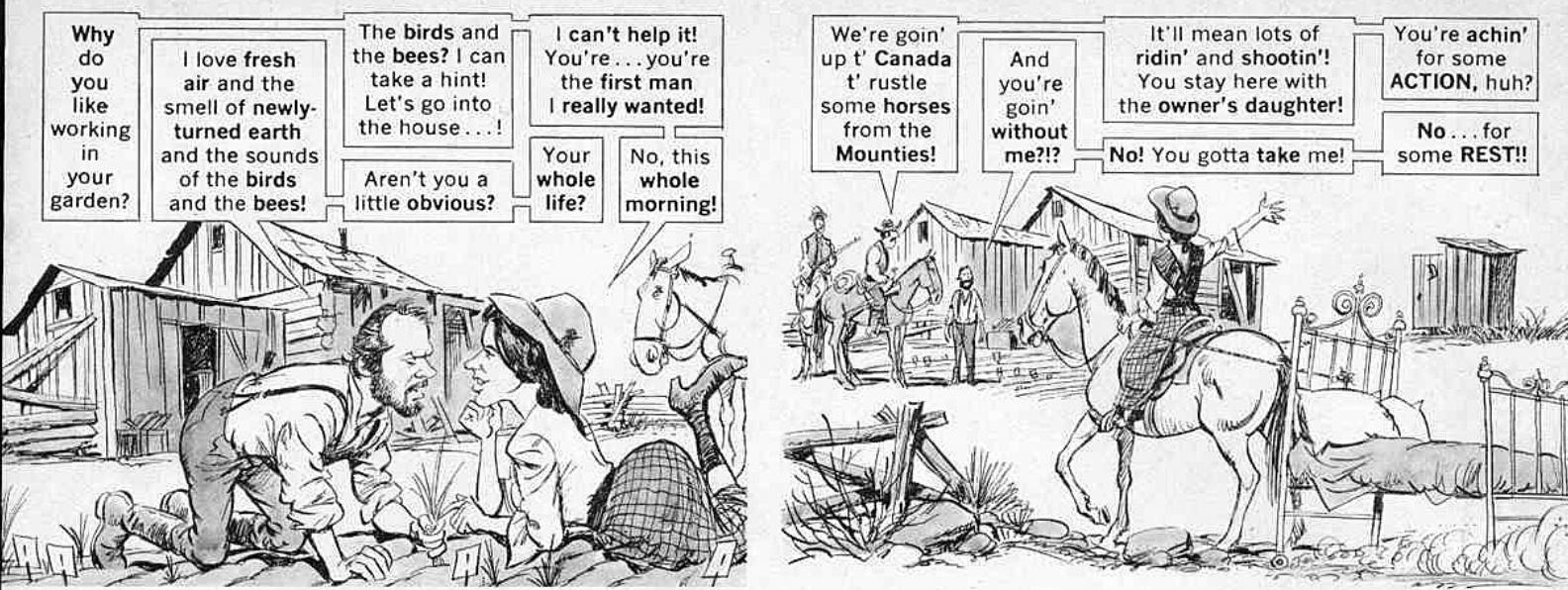
There IS a place available that's right next door to him!  
Oh? Where?

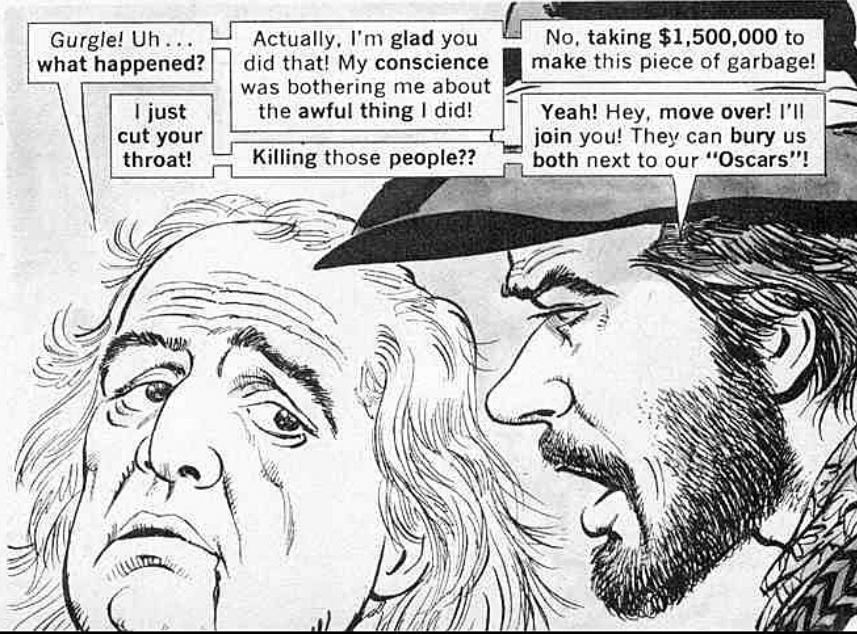
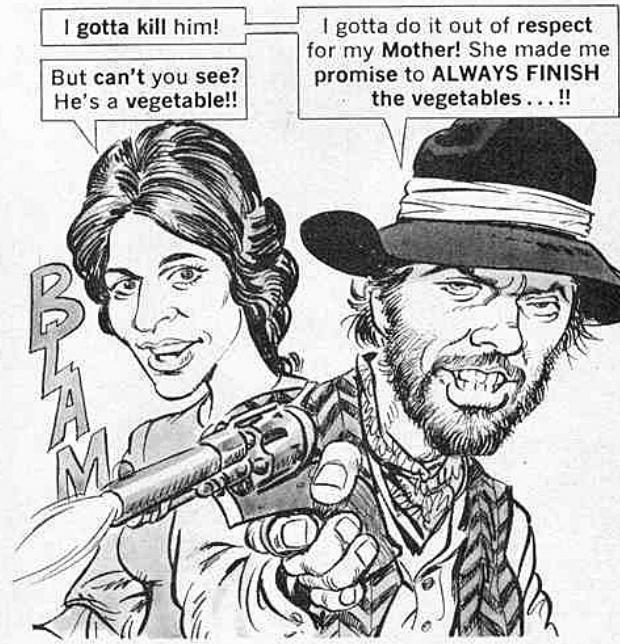
In my bedroom!!  
Naahhh! I ain't that kind of guy!!

Oh, really? Then sleep in HIS bedroom!!  
I ain't that kind of guy either!!

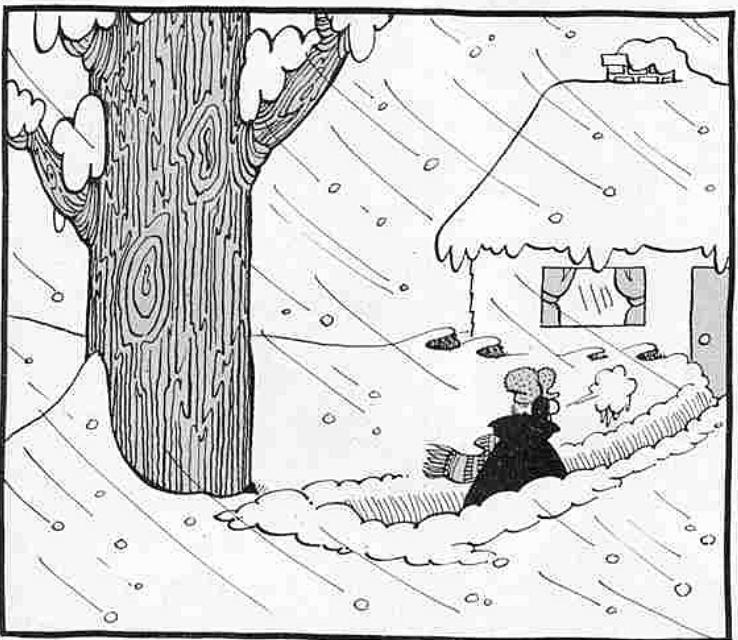
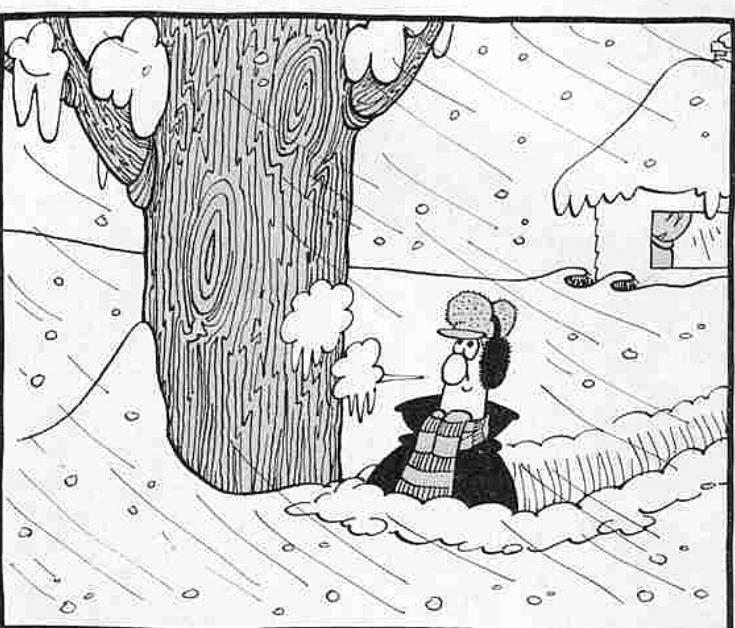
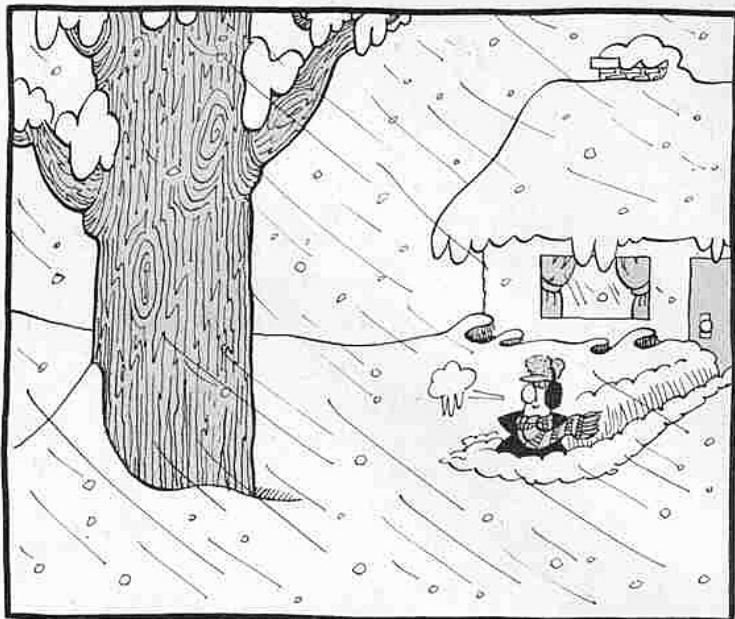
Well, when you make up your mind, call ONE of us! We're a very sexy family!!







# LATE ONE AFTERNOON LAST JANUARY



**WHAT PARTICULAR  
SPECIES IN OUR  
ENVIRONMENT IS  
SURE TO GET  
SPECIAL  
PROTECTION  
FROM ANY WINNING  
CANDIDATE?**

**HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS  
MAD FOLD-IN**

There are many creatures in our environment that look to our elected officials for their survival. But one particular animal has no worries at all because it is always fully protected by the winning candidates. To find out which species this is, fold in page as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

B

FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



Jaffee

**FIERCE FIGHTS FOR SURVIVAL AFFECT SPECIES AT  
ALL LEVELS OF OUR ENVIRONMENT. BUT EVERY  
CANDIDATE WHO WINS HAS ONE SPECIES HE PROTECTS**

A

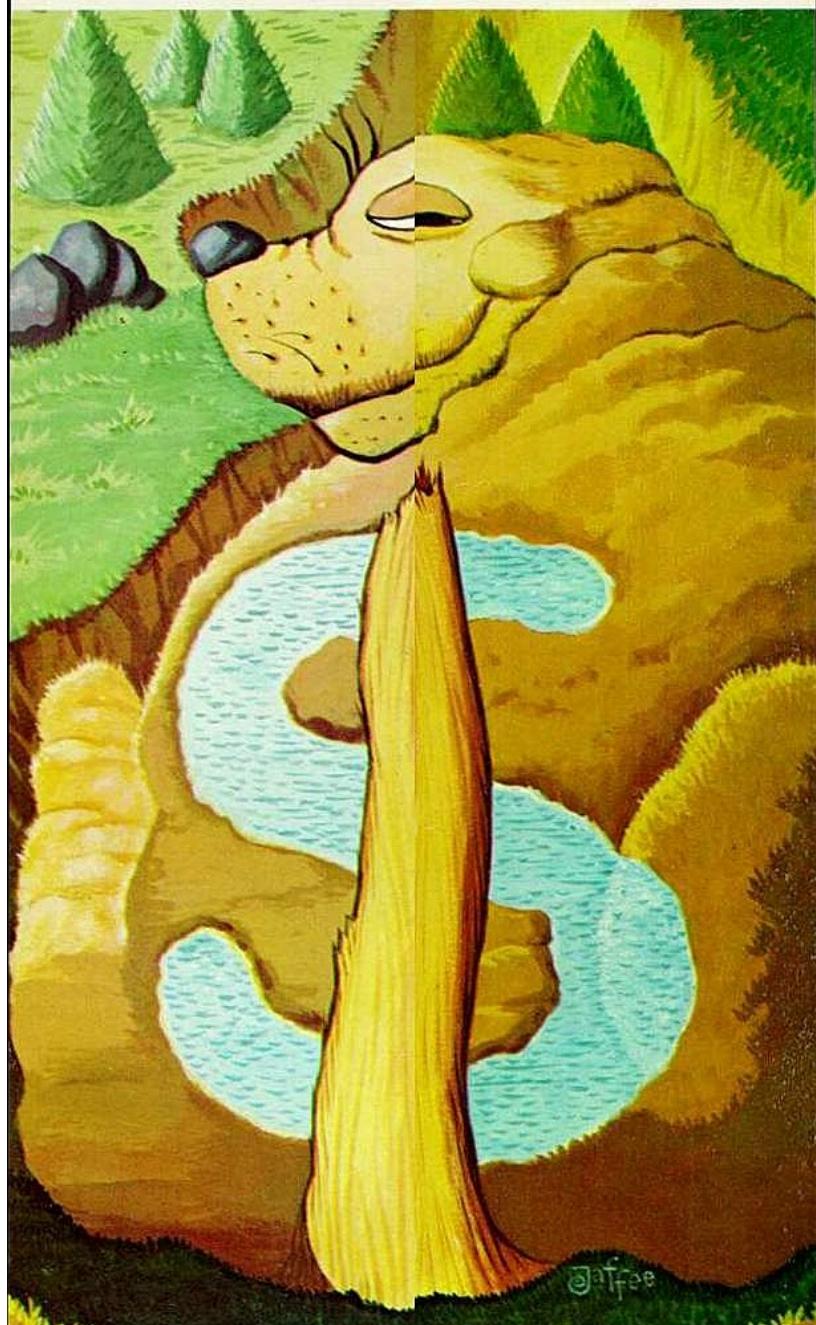
B

**WHAT PARTICULAR  
SPECIES IN OUR  
ENVIRONMENT IS  
SURE TO GET  
SPECIAL  
PROTECTION  
FROM ANY WINNING  
CANDIDATE?**



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ▶ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



FAT

ARTIST & WRITER:  
AL JAFFEE

CATS  
A ▶ B

# PAY AS YOU GO!

## THE PRACTICE OF MODERN MEDICINE



**AMA**  
ANOTHER MAD  
ADMONITION  
**MINI-**  
**POSTER**